# FAITHOF CHURCH AND NATION

Acte Wippington Logram

#### Olass 2520 Book W7314 General Theological Seminary Library Chelsea Square, New York

Beside the main topic, this book also treats of

Subject No. On page | Subject No. On page

Purchased from the fund bequeathed to the Seminary by EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN, D. D.

DEAN 1879-1902





# The Faith of Church and Nation



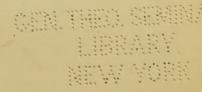
# The Faith of Church and Nation

By the

Right Rev.

Arthur F. Winnington Ingram, D.D.

Lord Bishop of London



London

Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.

3, Paternoster Buildings. F. C.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,
2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE,
NEW YORK.

2529 W731f

42884



First Edition, December, 1904. Second Edition, December, 1904. Third Edition, September, 1905.

THE chief, perhaps the only, interest of these collected sermons and addresses lies in the occasions on which they were delivered. The last four years have been in many ways a critical time both for Church and nation, and many of these sermons have been preached in the exercise of my office at critical moments in the history of each. I have placed those relating to the Church first, although Church and nation are so bound up together that what affects one affects the other. There has been a considerable amount of unsettlement in men's minds with regard to the Virgin Birth of our LORD and His Resurrection from the dead. The first sermon on the subject of the Resurrection was preached in Ely Cathedral this year, and with this should be read the introductory extract from my address to the London Diocesan Conference, which deals with the doctrine of the Virgin Birth.

I have read carefully what has been said in criticism of these statements of what I believe to

be the truth on the great subjects with which they deal, and especially a letter publicly addressed to myself by Canon Henson. I am very grateful for the kind tone which he adopts throughout the letter towards me personally, and for the respect he expresses for my office. I have never doubted his own belief in the reality of the Resurrection of JESUS CHRIST, and I am glad that in the letter he reasserts it, describing it as "what every Christian believes to be a vital truth" (p. 26 of the letter). There is much that every Christian man will welcome in his book "The Value of the Bible and other Sermons." No one can read it without being certain of the author's belief in the Incarnation and also being stirred up to a more devoted following of Christ.

The propositions which he lays down in his published letter may be summed up in the one proposition that "we must follow Truth wherever it leads." This principle I have not shrunk in any way from applying, as he suggests that I have, to the New Testament, and therefore in the sermon and Conference address I have given the reasons which lead me to believe in the Virgin Birth of our Lord and His bodily Resurrection from the dead. I am quite prepared, further, to admit that

the creeds have their authority for us because "they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture" (Article VIII.); therefore my whole argument is directed to prove that the statements in the creeds are founded upon Scripture, and that Church doctrine is Bible Truth. In deference, moreover, to another critic, I have removed the words "in broad daylight" from the description of one of our Lord's appearances, as, although I believe it to be a legitimate inference, I am anxious not to weaken the strong Scriptural argument by an inference which could be even questioned.

Otherwise I have not seen my way to alter any statement in the sermon or in the Conference address. There is so much ambiguity in the language of Canon Henson himself and of other similar writers; there is so much readiness to discuss possible effects of the results of historical criticism, as if these results were already assured; there are so many admissions lightly made which would carry those who make them further probably than they themselves think, further certainly than the faith of the Church permits; that there is legitimate ground for anxiety as to the nature and consequences of much of this modern teaching about the miraculous element in the Christian

facts. In view of such anxiety, the conscience of the Church seemed to demand some clear and reassuring statements as to the meaning and grounds of the Faith as the Church of England professes it. These, in exercise of what seemed a plain duty, I have endeavoured to make.

The second sermon speaks for itself, having been preached in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of the Province, some 800 clergy of the Diocese, and a great congregation of laity, on the thirteenth centenary of the refounding of the Diocese of London.

But if the Church during these last few years has had critical moments, so has the nation. Who can forget the dark December days during the South African War, when the war was at its worst? or the reality of the thanksgiving for the blessing of peace? Who can forget the blank dismay at the first news of the King's illness, the postponement of the Coronation, the solemn intercessions throughout the country, the wail of the great Litany chanted in procession in St. Paul's, the gratitude felt for the gracious answer to our prayers, or the thanksgiving service, when the King and Queen themselves came to give thanks in St. Paul's?

Sermons VIII., IX., and X. commemorate these national crises, and, if they do nothing else, may stir us up again to remember the mercies of the past we so readily forget.

The only other sermon which may claim to have some historical interest is the farewell to Christ's Hospital (Sermon XI.), which was taken down and reprinted by the Old Blues. It was preached on the last Sunday in which that famous old school, after 350 years, worshipped as a school in the city of which it had been so marked a feature for so long.

The other sermons were preached either to the rich or the poor of the great flock committed to my charge, and in one or two cases are only condensed reports of the sermons actually delivered.

I send the volume forth chiefly in answer to the request which many have expressed to have some of the sermons in a permanent form, but also with the hope that it may help to deepen the hold of some on the Faith which is the only strength of Church and nation alike.

A. F. LONDON.

FEAST OF ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE, 1904.



# Contents

	THE CHURC	CH			
_	T T D				PAGE
II.	THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST	Γ-	-	-	I 2
III.	"I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE G	OSPEL O	F CHRI	ST"	29
1V.	THE MIRACLE OF FEEDING TH	E FIVE	Thous	AND	51
V.	THE TRIUMPH OF THE IMPOSS	IBLE	-	-	68
VI.	THE KINGDOM OF GOD NOT	IN WOR	D, BUT	IN	
	Power	-	-	-	83
VII.	"THE THIN BLACK LINE"	-	-	-	IOI
	ondon Diocesan Conference Address  HE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST				
III.	THE BLESSING OF PEACE	-		-	I 2 I
IX.	"JOY AFTER HEAVINESS"		-	-	130
X.					
	THE INDIVID	UAL			
XII.	CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD	-		-	159
					-
XV.					
WI	THE VALUE OF A MANA				201



I

В



I

#### THE VIRGIN BIRTH OF OUR LORD

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE LONDON DIOCESAN CONFERENCE ADDRESS (MAY, 1904)

THERE is one subject on which I wish to speak to you to-day at greater length than on any other, on which I think it is time that some, at any rate, of the Bishops should speak out with greater clearness than has yet been done, although I have every reason to believe that they are all of one mind in the matter. I allude to the question of the Virgin Birth of our Lord. How pressing the question is may be illustrated by an extract from a correspondence with an able and honest man of thirty-five, who was ready to give up a lucrative profession to be ordained. He was a man of blameless character and exceptional powers, but when it came to his account of his views, this is what he writes; and if he sees the allusion in print he will know that I am quoting it with nothing but honour and respect for his honesty and

B 2

straightforwardness, whatever I may think of the views themselves:

- "I. I do not believe in the Virgin Birth of our LORD as a piece of historical fact, and that sort of miracle seems to me unnecessary in the light of the much greater wonders that are occurring unceasingly.
- "2. I do not believe in the Incarnation as a unique fact, but I do as a general fact; I believe that God is incarnate in all the universe.
- "3. I do not regard Jesus as differing in kind from other great prophets and teachers.
- "4. I do not think that the holding of any particular belief or faith has any bearing on the future welfare of individual souls."

There is nothing specially remarkable in the views themselves; but what is remarkable is the belief with which he prefaces his answers: "My opinions do not differ materially from those held by many distinguished men now in Orders, but I might not conceal them so carefully as they mostly do"; and coupled with this his clear conviction that there was nothing the least inconsistent in his holding these views and taking Orders—for which he was prepared to make great sacrifices—in the Church of England."

# The Virgin Birth of Our Lord

Now, if this idea is at all widespread, it is time for someone in authority to say very clearly that this is not the Catholic faith of Christendom, but that the Incarnation, however consonant with the great truth of Divine Immanence, is an unique fact; that Jesus Christ does differ in kind from other great teachers and prophets; and that the Virgin Birth of our Lord is neither unhistorical in fact nor unnecessary as part of the Gospel for the salvation of the world.

I have done my best to study what has been written on the subject, and find that the main line of argument of those who discredit this article of the Christian faith is fourfold:

- 1. The so-called silence of St. John, St. Mark, and St. Paul.
- 2. The similarity of the story to other stories of other heroes.
  - 3. Insufficient evidence for the fact itself.
- 4. The assertion that it is what the correspondent whom I have quoted called it, "an unnecessary marvel."
- 1. Of course, I can only indicate in the briefest outline the answer to these four arguments; you will find them treated in considerable detail in Bishop Gore's first dissertation in his book called

"Dissertations," Dr. Knowling's "Our Lord's Virgin Birth and the Criticism of To-day," Professor Ramsay's "Was Christ Born in Bethlehem?" and three excellent papers, since published in a small book by the Dean of Westminster, besides articles by Dr. Sanday in Hastings' Bible Dictionary bearing on the subject. But after weighing to the best of my power what has been said on the other side, I can find no strong argument in the so-called silence of the above-named writers. St. John's main purpose was only to give a personal witness of what he had himself seen; his account is supplementary to the other Gospels, and just as the institution of the Holy Communion underlies his statements about "eating flesh and drinking blood," so the Virgin Birth underlies his account of the Incarnation—in fact, as the Bishop of Worcester so well says, St. John supplies the "justifying principle of that which was already believed." Again, how could he have been ignorant of that which Ignatius a few years after the fourth Gospel was written called "a mystery of loud proclamation in the Church"? St. Mark's Gospel represents the preaching of St. Peter, and it is clear that, for obvious reasons, if the original function of the Apostles was to be

# The Virgin Birth of Our Lord

"eye-witnesses," the first preaching of the Apostles would not, and did not, include the Virgin Birth; St. Paul's Epistles are almost exclusively occupied in contending for Christian principles, not in recalling facts of our LORD's life. And yet St. Paul's whole conception of the "Second Adam" postulates this miraculous birth. He says that Christ was "born of a woman," "born of the seed of David according to the flesh," and yet was, according to St. Paul, "from Heaven," and as the Second Adam was a new starting-point for humanity.

2. The argument from other birth stories is only plausible until it is examined.

Anyone who has been misled by the poetical fancies of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" into believing in the close resemblance of the birth stories of Christ and Buddha, should study the real evidence in that most truthful and careful account of Buddhism by Bishop Copleston, the present Metropolitan of India. The tendency to allege miracles with regard to the infancy of heroes can in itself be no argument against our having a real history of certain rare events attendant upon the birth and childhood of Jesus; it merely points to the truth that a hero or religious teacher is Godsent, and it should never be forgotten that the

story of our LORD's miraculous birth comes undoubtedly, not from Gentile, but from Jewish sources, in which quarter all such stories of the birth of heroes as were current in the Gentile world would have been specially abhorrent.

3. For the evidence itself I must refer you to the books which I have mentioned, and it is time now not only for every clergyman, but for every layman, to be able to give a reason on this matter for the belief that is in him.

Every effort has been made to discredit the accounts in St. Matthew and St. Luke, and to show their inherent incredibility. All such attempts have entirely failed. But it is clear that the account of St. Luke is a document derived from the Virgin Mary herself, or, as Dr. Sanday thinks, from the women who surrounded her. St. Matthew's is an account which represents the point of view of St. Joseph.

That this belief was held at the end of the first century we have already seen, and Irenæus in A.D. 190 says that the belief in the Virgin Birth was a tradition and belief of the whole Church throughout the world in his day, and we have similar testimony from Rome, Greece, Africa, Asia, Syria, Palestine, and Alexandria.

# The Virgin Birth of Our Lord

4. It remains, then, to ask, Is this doctrine of the Virgin Birth an unnecessary marvel, which, after being believed by the Church from the beginning, may now be lightly discarded as unnecessary lumber at the beginning of the twentieth century? Far be it from any one of us to say that the great Incarnation of the Son of God could not have taken place in any other way-God can do anything in the processes of Nature, which, made by Gop, are sacred in themselves—but it is at least remarkable that in the early days there were no believers in the Incarnation who were not also believers in the Virgin Birth, and that there is a close connection even to-day between the discrediting of the Virgin Birth and the whittling away of the miraculous elements in the Resurrection. It is sometimes said that because we believe to-day in a spiritual body in which the redeemed will rise rather than a resurrection of the actual atoms, therefore we may repeat the Creed without believing in an actual resurrection of our LORD and a real Virgin Birth; but how the redeemed shall rise was never an article of Christian faith so long as the spirits are clothed at last with bodies. St. Paul himself says: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," whereas Christianity

stands or falls with the fact of the Resurrection of our LORD.

Is it true for a moment that the story of the Virgin Birth is an unnecessary marvel which has no bearing upon our spiritual lives? Surely it is the one hope for us that we are able to cut the ropes which bind us to a bad past and be new-born in Christ Jesus; but how could the old entail be better broken, how could the new start be better given, than by the birth of the Second Adam from a pure Virgin, which should send a shock of new life through the veins of a redeemed mankind?

My message, then, to you to-day is to hold fast in all its fulness to the faith once committed to the saints.

The mighty Incarnation is either far the greatest truth which has ever enlightened or ennobled the world, or the greatest imposture of the universe; but if, as we believe, it is the great miracle of the world; if it is, as Mr. Gladstone said, the one central hope of our poor wayward race, can it be inconceivable that a life which was miraculous in its powers on earth, and miraculous in its exit from it, should also be miraculous in its entrance into it?

If, as it has well been said, Christ being what He was, it would have been a miracle if He had

# The Virgin Birth of Our Lord

not done miracles; so Christ being what He was, it would have been almost unnatural if He had not had a supernatural birth.

The truth of the matter really is that a great conflict is being fought all over Europe between the old faith in a supernatural revelation and a growing disbelief in it. Our honest friend who began by saying, "I do not believe in the Virgin Birth," goes on quite naturally to say, "I do not believe in the Incarnation as a unique fact," "I do not regard Jesus as differing in kind from other great prophets and teachers"; and though some quite honestly may believe that it is possible to hold the first negative without descending to the others, they are really beginning the first steps of a disbelief in a supernatural revelation which may lead them eventually much further than they think now. At any rate, it is on the side of the old faith I would rally you to-day; to us it has been vouchsafed to believe in that glorious fact which we call the Incarnation of the Son of Gop-"Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

#### H

#### THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST\*

"Stir up [into flame] the gift of God, which is in thee by the laying on of my hands, for God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness, but of power and love and discipline."—2 TIM. i. 6 (R.V.).

I T must have occurred to all of us to ask sometimes, when we read this famous passage, why St. Paul, before he inserts the positive attributes of the Ordination gift—and in its measure of the Confirmation gift—should add first the negative side—"not the spirit of fearfulness." Was there in Timothy some tendency to timidity, some shrinking from responsibility, against which, in his loving fatherly way, he wished to warn him, before it sapped his character or ruined his work? And were there some special dangers of the time which he saw would daunt the faith and try the nerve of his young disciple?

<sup>\*</sup> Preached at the Ely Theological College Festival, May 31, 1904.

# The Resurrection of Christ

For certain, so far as Timothy is concerned, I suppose that we shall never know; but equally for certain there are special features of our day which will make such a warning especially in place.

I seem to see "a spirit of fearfulness" beginning in the Church among those whose teaching and practice is most largely represented in a college like this, which, so far as my experience goes, is a new thing in the world. It was the courage of Pusey which saved the faith of so many in the days of the great secession; it was the ringing conviction and splendid hope of Liddon which won the adhesion of so many waverers when "men's hearts were failing them for fear," and the first wave of German criticism swept across the Channel to our shores; it will be against the whole tradition which they left behind, if the standard-bearers faint to-day; and it is that we may detect, and if possible mend, "that little rift within the lute, which, slowly widening, makes the music mute," that I wish to speak to you plainly to-day.

And first, What has given rise to the spirit of fearfulness? No doubt the cause which leads one or two of our most cherished champions to speak

of "saving their own souls, and having no spirit left to stand by the Church of their fathers," is the apparently unrebuked attack on such sacred articles of the Creed as the Virgin Birth of our LORD and His veritable and actual resurrection from the grave.

It must pain many to be taught by ordained and responsible teachers of the faith that "it may well be the case that the idea of resurrection could lay hold on the popular mind only under the form of carnal resuscitation. . . . " And again, "The tradition of Christianity has certainly fastened on the more materialistic statements of the Scriptures, and woven them into literature and liturgy"; or when we come to the fully developed form of the argument in an explanatory essay to read, "Is the resurrection really inconceivable apart from the materialistic notions which current Judaism contributed to the earliest literature of the Christian Church? Is an honest belief in the Resurrection really inconsistent with a reverent agnosticism as to the historical circumstances out of which in the first instances that belief arose? Is the faith of the Church in a Divine CHRIST, living, present, active, really built upon an empty tomb?"

# The Resurrection of Christ

It is difficult to know what the writer really means; the plain interpretation of his words is that the body which was buried in the tomb remained there to perish by dissolution, wholly apart from the Risen LORD. If this be his meaning, then he plainly questions any resurrection of the LORD's body whatsoever, and sets aside such cherished and early accounts of the Resurrection as the words to St. Thomas, "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side" (St. John xx. 27); and again, passages like the following, "He shewed unto them His hands and His side; then were the disciples glad when they saw the LORD" (St. John xx. 20). "And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified; He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the LORD lay" (St. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6). "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen " (St. Luke xxiv. 5, 6). "He stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying, . . . and the napkin that was about His head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself" (St. John xx. 5, 7). It is clear that the view thus put forward contradicts the Resurrection story in some of its most

important particulars, and is definitely different from the faith in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ which has been held by the Church from the

beginning.

The writer has assured me that he believes with all his soul in the Incarnation, and he can say in another passage, "Jesus Christ who was crucified under Pontius Pilate survived death in no impoverished ghostly state, but in the fulness of personal life, enfranchised from terrestrial limitation; and He made His presence known to His disciples by convincing evidences"; but we are surely entitled to ask what these convincing evidences were, other than those recorded; and therefore the idea that Christ's body perished in the grave must be repudiated by the Church, as I now repudiate it publicly, in this representative gathering from different dioceses of the Church, as Bishop of the diocese in which some at least of the statements quoted were made.

Of course there is a true sense in which our belief in the Resurrection does not rest *solely* on the narratives; it rests upon the witness which was older than any written narrative; it rests upon cumulative evidence, such as the existence of Sunday, the impossibility of a victorious Church

# The Resurrection of Christ

springing from the sight of a dead Christ on the Cross, the consonance of the belief with the deepest instincts of the human heart; of course, also, there is a true "reverent agnosticism" which every Christian must feel about the precise nature of our Lord's resurrection body and its relationship to His earthly body; and yet I say, unhesitatingly, that the contrast between a "living CHRIST" and "an empty tomb" is most misleading. In a perfectly true sense Christianity bas been started and the Church bas been founded on the sight of an empty tomb; the truth of the Resurrection is something more than a belief that Jesus appeared in visions to this or that disciple. The truth is that He conquered death; that the body, glorified, transfigured, "spiritual," with which He rose again, was the continuation in a new state of the body which lay in the tomb, convinced even St. Thomas of its reality, and was seen by five hundred people on a mountain.

This is the teaching of St. John in the Book of Revelation. "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. i. 18).

What right have we to pick and choose how much of a revealed fact we think it essential for

17

the world to believe? Perhaps in our shortsighted ignorance we may be leaving out the very part which is most essential to the world. What right have we to exalt St. Paul's evidence at the expense of St. John's?

And do we even understand St. Paul aright when we do so? Why does St. Paul say so emphatically as part of his creed that Jesus Christ "was buried (I Cor. xv. 4), and rose again the third day," if there was no connection in his mind between the body that was buried and the body that rose? The whole argument of this chapter, including the metaphor of sowing the seed, seems to be based upon the belief that our Lord's body had undergone a change. Or, again, how can we explain, apart from such a belief, the emphasis in this passage, "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His spirit that dwelleth in you" (Rom. viii. 11)?

Again, what did he mean in another passage (Phil. iii. 21) by saying that Christ would change the body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory? Bishop Creighton in a well-known sermon\* to the

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Mind of St. Peter," p. 102.

# The Resurrection of Christ

Guild of St. Luke on the Glorified Body, says: "The work of the Lord Jesus is to stamp upon the body of our low estate the abiding, the eternal, form of the body of His glory"; and who can deny that the sight of the glorified Body of our Lord, the same and yet not the same, risen from the grave and gifted with new life and power, has been the grandest revelation the world has ever had of the continuity of the life of the body from one sphere into the other?

"The resurrection of the body!" continues Bishop Creighton. "There was a time when science rather mocked at the possibility of it." That is changed now. I think, at least, I have heard the utterance, of a great biologist, who said, "If there is a Resurrection it must be a resurrection of the body. Body and spirit are so intimately connected that the one cannot be conceived as existing for ever in a perfect state without the other." And finally, on this point, have we priests of the Church of England any right, without any formal leave from our Church, on our own responsibility, to set aside the express declaration of our Fourth Article: "CHRIST did truly rise again from death, and took again His body with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining

C 2

to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until He return to judge all men at the last day."? Whatever may be the inevitable difficulties of the Gospel story, the reality of our Lord's resurrection body and its continuity in a glorified state with His earthly body, "may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture," and are essentially involved in the faith of Christendom.

Now, I have thought it well to say this before men gathered from every part of England, because erroneous teaching by public men, if not publicly repudiated by those in authority, might be supposed to be accepted by the Church. When men clamour for prosecution they forget the history of prosecution with regard to other matters in the Church. They forget that the office of a Bishop is that of a father in God, who must exhaust every resource of fatherly counsel and brotherly influence in this and other matters, especially in the present constitution of our Church courts, before he brings an error in teaching before the law of the land.

But does this justify "a spirit of fearfulness"? That some half-dozen priests at the most, in their—as I hold—mistaken efforts to make the faith

## The Resurrection of Christ

easier to believe to themselves and others, or, as they no doubt quite honestly believe, to get nearer to the truth, are belittling to-day what the Church has always believed to be the historical accounts on which that faith is founded, is that to fill with a spirit of fearfulness the " one Catholic and Apostolic Church," which has survived heresy after heresy, which, like some gallant ship after a voyage of thirteen hundred years and more in this country alone, through apathy, through unbelief, through apostasy, through persecution, has come to us with its treasure safe, in Creed, in Sacraments, in unbroken Orders, and in stately Liturgy? As well might an Atlantic liner fear the ripple in the Channel, or the cross-currents in the Solent! No; it is needful to notice these things as we pass, but, if the Diocese of London be any criterion of the Church of England, of which it is a part, then the one unbroken voice which welcomed a few weeks ago the repudiation of the attack upon the Virgin Birth\* will welcome the restatement of the Creed of Christendom that "IESUS CHRIST died, and was buried, and rose again for us," and rose again in such a way that

He could say, "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself. Handle Me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have" (St. Luke xxiv. 39).

But it is time to turn to the positive side. What is the positive side of the gift which is in you, or will be in you, by the laying on of hands, and which you are to stir up before you go back to your work throughout England, and, perhaps I may add, throughout the world?

The positive characteristics are power, love, and discipline. God gave you not at your Ordination a spirit of fearfulness, but of power, of love, of discipline. Let us take them one by one. First, the spirit of power. When we understand what power is, then we may dare to say that we must not be content unless we all are powers. Again and again has the Church misunderstood in her history what power was. She has used the arm of the State; she has looked to social influence or even intellectual prestige, and always the power which has been used has reacted upon herself. Even now, if power depended upon eloquence, upon capacity for organisation, upon brilliant gifts, only a few could be powers. Those, indeed, who have such gifts are bound to cultivate

# The Resurrection of Christ

them to the full, and use them for the good of the Church; and those of us who only have one talent are bound to use that one without self-depreciation or false modesty. But the power we all can have, the power we are bound to exercise, is the power of a humble, believing, devoted man of God.

That shy curate, with few natural gifts—what a power he is if he is filled with the Spirit! At every hour, day and night, the boys of the village, who have been only perhaps slowly impressed by his life, are saying to themselves, "I must not do that, or Mr. So-and-so won't like it." Slowly, like a star gradually becoming visible to the naked eye, the ideal of what a man of God really is, is being borne home to the consciences of those dull villagers; the man is a power for good, a witness for God among His people.

And what a power preaching may be! I seldom hear men preach, but I remember that on two Sundays I was obliged to rest from my own work for a few days; and as I sat among the congregations and listened to the earnest words of two men of Gop—they would have been the last to say they were exceptional men, or preaching exceptional sermons—just giving messages from Gop in the

hushed silence, I felt what a power was going forth in the 20,000 sermons preached in the Church of England alone from 20,000 pulpits every Sunday morning.

Now, are we the powers that we might be? That is the first positive question I would press upon you. Are we using earnestly the best gifts? Sparing no time or trouble to become methodical in our work, if we are naturally careless? Rusting no gift by vanity? Squandering no gift by want of care? Losing no chance of influence by sloth or foolish sensitiveness? And, above all, stirring up into flame the greatest gift of all—the gift of the Spirit—by earnest, never-ceasing prayer?

Without hesitation I say to you, go back and seek to be a greater power among your people than

you have been before.

And then, secondly, "Love!" Scarcely has the Apostle said "Covet earnestly the best gifts," when he adds, "and yet I show unto you a more excellent way; though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

I have no time to speak of love now, except to say that it is something very different from what the world imagines. It is certainly part of it to

## The Resurrection of Christ

feel the heart go out to the children of the Band of Hope, as they gather round you with their bright faces; it is part of it to feel a warm elder-brotherly love for the boys who look upon you as their leader and friend; it is part of it to welcome the warm-hearted gratitude with which the generally too appreciative congregation reward the first efforts of a manly young Englishman who comes among them as their clergyman. Kept pure and sound and good and wholesome, it is all part of the refreshing draught the loving Heavenly Father puts to His sons' lips when they work for Him; and we may drink it. "He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up his head."

But much more is asked of love as life goes on: To go on with your work hourly when you are unpopular; to be lonely and yet not depressed; to remember that "it is dogged that does it" when nature craves for another sphere of work; to work on in one place until you are called to another; to obey that call (if it be a call), though it be to the end of the world; to be caught away by the Spirit like Philip, and be found at Azotus—that is what love is; "love seeketh not her own."

Or, again, it is love never to be jealous of your fellow-worker because he is more gifted or popular

than you; it is love to take the unnoticed work and do it as if it were the work of Gabriel. Of Gabriel in the guise of the poor lad the poet can say:

> "He did Gop's will; to him, all one If on the earth or in the sun !"

Browning: The Boy and the Angel.

It is love to be content to be unnoticed and unknown to the end of this life, because it will be all the greater reward in another to hear the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Wherefore stir up into flame the gift of love, and go back and love as you have never loved before.

But, lastly, stir up the spirit of discipline. We received at our ordination a spirit of discipline. What has happened to it? Is it discipline to choose yourself the ritual in your Church, and act as if you were a Church law to yourself? Is it discipline to copy, because it looks nice, the habits or customs of a sister branch of the Church without regard to the teaching or doctrine or ceremonial of the Church in which you have been ordained? What are we to say to those who, without any authority, introduce "the Cult of the Sacred Heart," "the Cult of St. Joseph," "the repetition of the Ave Maria," the use of the rosary, and

# The Resurrection of Christ

other extra services unauthorised by their Ordinary and not in the Prayer-Book, and therefore contrary to their promise that they will use the services in the book prescribed, and none other except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority? On the other hand, what are we to say to those who begin the Holy Communion Service with the offertory, and leave out Collect, Epistle, and Gospel?

What can we say except that they have not the spirit of discipline?

Or, again, what do we need in our own private lives—we who are set on a hill, who are watched by so many, who have to stand day by day before God, and to speak day by day in the name of God? How shall we curb the wandering desire? bring into captivity the straying thought? Only by the spirit of discipline. "Be clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord." I say it every time I dedicate the altar vessels, in the Consecration Service, to the minister who brings them to the altar; and every time they are a reminder of the spirit of discipline which must brace and purify our service from the Bishop to the youngest chorister in the church.

Stir up into flame, then, the gift which is in

you by the laying on of hands, and especially the gift of power, and of love, and of discipline; stir it up by penitence as you think how, by weakness or sloth or hardness with others, or softness with yourselves, you may have let the gift die down; stir it up by earnest resolutions and aspirations made and laid upon the altar for a truer, stronger life; stir it up by the examples of those whom you have known who have laid down their lives in death, or are daily laying down their lives in devoted service; stir it up, above all, by the live coal from off the altar which may touch your lips to-day, and may the flame which rises from your love and service be a beacon seen o'er land and sea, which may guide many a storm-tossed mariner to the haven where he would be:

#### III

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST NO CAUSE OF SHAME TO-DAY\*

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—Rom. i. 16.

THERE can be no doubt that a determined attempt is being made to-day to make us ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

You cannot read such an article as Mr. Mallock's in the *Nineteenth Century* without detecting, in spite of a real effort to be fair, thinly-veiled scorn. "No competent thinker will think this or that" occurs more than once, and though the burden of the argument is that certain Christian teachers have given their own case away, the underlying thought undoubtedly is that there never really was a case to give away at all.

\* A lecture delivered in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, October 6, 1904, at the opening of the winter session of the St. Paul's Lecture Society to an audience of 800 men.

So, again, if we turn to Mr. Blatchford's articles in the *Clarion*—the substance of which I have only at present gathered from the answer, "Religious Doubts of Democracy," but which was very familiar to me in old days—an attempt has been made to make us morally ashamed.

There is no use, we are told, in this old Gospel—it is out of date; it is insufficiently attested to start with, and when tried is found to be of no moral power. If we want to really go ahead we must do without it—it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Or if we turn to another quarter, a great daily newspaper asks this question, "Do we believe?" The burden of the answer is that "modern Christianity is a civilised heathendom," to quote again a pamphlet which had great vogue twenty years ago. If not intellectually, if not in so many words morally, at least, if honest, all admit that practically we are ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

"The fatal defect which mars the value of the Church Congress," said one of the contributors to this newspaper controversy, "is that it takes too much for granted. It starts from a platform which is not universally accepted. It chatters about

details, when the very ground-plan is not settled. The assumption on which it proceeds is that we all believe, and that we are all Christians. But do we believe? and, if so, what? Are we Christians? and, if so, in what sense of that ambiguous term? This is the preliminary question, the problem of all problems, which troubles many sensitive and thoughtful students, who look on the world as it is, and contrast it with the world as the divines complacently regard it. . . .

"The religious assumption is that this world is not of value or importance in or for itself, but solely as a preparation, or, as some would phrase it, a state of trial, a probationary sphere, in view of an awful world that is to come. Do we believe that? Faith is not of much use unless it supplies motives for action or settled convictions of thought."

And then the writer contrasts the ideals of the Sermon on the Mount and the ideals of the world to-day.

"The Sermon on the Mount—illustrated as it is by Christ's life—contains a series of ideals. Here are some:

"The ideal of poverty.

"The ideal of humility.

"The ideal of 'turning the other cheek' (the absence of revenge).

"The ideal of self-sacrifice.

"The ideal of loving an enemy.

"The ideal of innocence.

"The ideal of sexual purity, in thought as well as in action.

"And here are some of the axioms of the world's creed:

"The ideal of wealth.

"The ideal of ostentation, smartness, notoriety.

"The ideal of self-assertion and blowing one's own trumpet.

"The ideal of trampling on others and rising at their expense.

"The ideal of personal enjoyment, selfishness, refined or coarse.

"The ideal of compromise (the politician's ideal).

"The ideal of 'sowing one's wild oats,' and 'a rake makes the best husband,' etc.

"The ideal of fashionable impurity. . . .

"Good Heavens! Think of the millionaire calling himself a Christian in the face of the text, 'How hardly shall they that have riches (or trust in riches) enter into the kingdom of God'!

Think of the politician calling himself a Christian in view of the texts, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon,' and 'Ye shall not do evil that good may come'! Think of the sensualist calling himself a Christian confronted by the text, 'Whosoever shall look upon a woman—'! Think of our smart leaders of society calling themselves Christians and repeating the words, 'Blessed are ye poor—blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and revile you, and persecute you'!"

It seems, then, that it might be useful, speaking as representing just such a thoughtful, reasonable, and yet, I hope, believing body of Christians as are assembled here to-night, to say that we neither intellectually, morally, or practically, are the least ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

- I. Intellectually.—We are told that we ought to be ashamed of it intellectually on three grounds:

  (1) Insufficient evidence for the facts; (2) the belief in miracles which it involves; (3) the contradiction which it involves in many ways to the enlightened ideas of the twentieth century.
- 1. Now, it is quite clear that but for number two, number one reason would never have made its appearance at all. We cheerfully believe in the

33

.

murder of Julius Cæsar, on about one-twentieth of the documentary evidence which exists for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

I will say nothing of the way the four Gospels have come out of the crucible of modern criticism—in my opinion ten times as strong as they went in. When I last had the honour of addressing this Society I came rejoicing in the new light which the discoveries of Professor Ramsay had thrown upon the Acts of the Apostles—discoveries which turned him from a doubter, in its authenticity as a first-class document, into a believer in the certainty that the travel document, at any rate, was a first-class piece of evidence as to the condition of the Roman Empire in the middle of the first century.

But I should be content to rest my case for not being intellectually ashamed of the documentary evidence on the four undisputed Epistles of St. Paul. There, as in an undisputed fifth Gospel, stands out the belief of St. Paul in—

(a) The Resurrection of Christ, which is assumed—as an undisputed fact throughout—"He was buried and rose again for us, and appeared unto five hundred brethren at once."\*

(b) The Incarnation: "God sent forth His Son, born of a woman," etc.;\* "Declared to be the Son of God with power;"† "Jesus Christ, through whom are all things;"‡ "Who, though He was rich, became poor."§

(c) While breathing through all four is the greatest witness of all—the witness of a man, undoubtedly the contemporary of Jesus Christ—undoubtedly a persecutor of Christians, once called Saul—who undoubtedly became a man called St. Paul, and who subsequently lived solely to preach the faith which once he tried to destroy.

And while I am on this subject of the witness of St. Paul to the main facts of Christianity, may I supplement to-night what I said on another public occasion || of St. Paul's belief in His bodily Resurrection, as proved by his Epistles, by quoting from his speeches as reported in the Acts of the Apostles?

St. Paul, ¶ in his sermon at Antioch in Pisidia on his first missionary journey, explicitly mentions the Resurrection. "They laid Him in a tomb, but God raised Him from the dead: and He was

\* Gal. iv. 4. † Rom. i. 4. † 1 Cor. viii. 6. § 2 Cor. viii. 9.

D 2

seen for many days of them that came up with Him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are now His witnesses unto the people."

He goes on to allude to the same argument which St. Peter had brought forward in his first sermon,\* that the words of Ps. xvi. could not refer to David, who was buried in the ordinary way, and saw corruption, "but He whom God raised up saw no corruption."

At Athens St. Paul encountered a cultured and philosophic audience. Besides the Jews in their synagogue were the Epicureans and Stoics, of whom some accused the Apostle of setting forth strange gods because he preached "Jesus and the Resurrection."†

In his speech at Athens,‡ St. Paul quotes the fact of the Resurrection as a proof that God had appointed a day in which to judge the world in righteousness. "Whereof God hath given assurance to all men in that He raised Jesus from the dead."

In St. Paul's speech before the Sanhedrim, § when he had been interrupted in his address and a riot had followed, he makes a public profession of his

<sup>\*</sup> Acts xiii. 37. † *Ibid.*, xvii. 18. ‡ *Ibid.*, 31. § *Ibid.*, xxiii. 6.

faith. "Touching the hope of the resurrection of the dead I am called in question."

Festus, in laying St. Paul's case before Agrippa, describes how Felix had left him a prisoner.\* He complains that the Apostle's accusers had brought no definite charge against him, but certain questions of their own religion, and of one Jesus who was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive.

Before Agrippa, the same Apostle, in the course of his defence, again ascribes the attack upon him to his belief in the Resurrection.† "Why is it judged incredible with you, if God raise the dead?"

Further on in the same speech‡ he asserts that he is only saying "what Moses and the prophets did say should come, how that the Christ must suffer, and how that He first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to the people and to the Gentiles." And he doubtless used the same arguments from Moses and the prophets to establish Christ's resurrection before the Jews at Rome.§

After such statements, it seems, indeed, a last resource of those who wish to rest their case on

<sup>\*</sup> Acts xxv. 19. † Ibid., xxvi. 7, 8. † Ibid., 23. § Ibid., xx iii. 23.

insufficiency of evidence, rather than the impossibility of the miraculous, to try and drive in a wedge between the testimony of St. Paul and the testimony of the rest of the disciples.

On the contrary, his own evidence that St. Peter and St. John gave him the right hand of fellowship, which they never would have done if he had differed from them in this Gospel of the Resurrection, and his own declaration, "If any man preach another Gospel let him be accursed," show that the Gospel which they all preached was the same.

2. But undoubtedly the real reason why we are told to-day to be intellectually ashamed is that the Gospel story is a story of miracles.

And let me say at once that those, in my opinion, are ill defenders of the faith who, in their endeavour to make the faith easier for outsiders, are undermining and shaking the faith of those who already believe.

I must not be supposed to assent for a moment to the gross misapprehension of the Bishop of Worcester's position, which is made—however honestly—by the writer of the article I have mentioned, and I am not alluding in what I say to any of his writings, which have helped many of us in the past more than we can say; but it is the worst policy of

defence to throw over without adequate ground\* the miracle of feeding the five thousand or our Lord's power over disease and death, and then expect to keep the belief of the world in His Incarnation, His Virgin Birth, and His Resurrection.

It is one thing to look carefully into the accounts of events, such as the standing still of the sun over Gibeon in the Old Testament, or possibly the stampede of the swine in the New Testament, and see if they have been misunderstood in the past—there is an economy in God's working, and a special economy in His use of the miraculous—but it is quite another thing to minimise or explain away a story such as the feeding of the five thousand, told us again and again as miraculous, which, if not miraculous, is simply untrue, and the only objection to which is that it is something which we do not see happen to-day.

So far from being intellectually ashamed of the miracles, I glory in the miracles; they lift me away from the petty tyranny of the present; they remind me of the great Arm ever at work behind the so-called laws of Nature. "Every law of Nature," it has been said, "requires a continued application of force," and the Arm which exerts

the force, hidden as a rule, shows itself visibly for a moment in what we call a miracle; it comes out, like the great arm in the "Passing of Arthur,"

"Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"-

it does not break any law any more than a man's finger—to use an illustration from the "Doubts of Democracy"—breaks a law when it saves a spider from drowning, but it brings in the action of the Great Will of the universe, which must be supposed to be at least as free in its own world, as it allows us to be in the little world we ourselves control.

For, as is well said in a book on miracles lately published,\* "What is the meaning of this word law which men are so fond of using in this connection? It contains, of course, two entirely different conceptions, according as the rule which it embodies is regarded as proceeding from a higher authority, or as the result of practice and observation. A despotic ruler or a government can lay down laws to regulate the conduct of subjects or citizens. These laws must be obeyed, and a penalty attaches to their non-observance. God does, no doubt, act

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Is Christianity Miraculous?" by Rev. C. H. Prichard (S.P.C.K.).

on certain definite lines in the natural world, and a penalty falls on those who through ignorance or wilfulness disobey His ruling. But God's laws are not publicly proclaimed or published for our benefit like the laws of a State. They are 'theoretical principles educed from practice or observation.' They are the result of discovery, and this discovery is the reward of the patient seeker after truth, working slowly on the lines of his already acquired knowledge. In this way Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation. It is in this way that all the great laws of Nature have been found out.

"It is easy to see the difference between these natural laws and the laws of a country. In the first place, a man can never tell when a new discovery will be made—not a new law proclaimed from Heaven—which may modify or uproot his old views of natural movements, as, for example, the discovery of radium, which has revolutionised our previous conceptions with regard to mineral elements. No one can say at any time that scientific knowledge has reached its ultimate goal, that we know everything we can know about the working of God in Nature. What is called a miracle may, then, be nothing more than the

result of some unknown natural law. What is miraculous to one age of the world is commonplace to another. What persons under certain conditions of life may regard as incredible, others in different circumstances may find the ordinary experience of life. According to Herodotus,\* the Phænicians who circumnavigated Africa for the first time had a strange experience: 'On their return, they declared—I for my part do not believe them, but perhaps others may—that in sailing round Libya (Africa) they had the sun upon their right hand.' They had, in fact, reached a region in which their shadows at noon-day pointed towards the south. Their report of such a phenomenon was regarded as absurd, and dismissed with naïve incredulity by the historian himself. The constant experience of his own neighbourhood furnished him, as he thought, with ample evidence that nothing of the kind was possible.

"The attitude of Herodotus is typical of those who declare that a miracle is impossible as being contrary to the laws of Nature.† But what human being can profess to know all these laws, or claim omniscience of all the workings of Nature? If a

<sup>\*</sup> Herod., iv. 42; Rawlinson, vol. iv., p. 35.

<sup>†</sup> Liddon, "Easter in St. Paul's," p. 124.

miracle were defined to be an occurrence which was contrary to the laws of Nature as known in a particular country or at a particular date, we would willingly accept such a definition. But that all laws are known to all people at all times of the world's history is to affirm that knowledge never increases and that science is non-progressive.

"The laws of Nature, \* then, are the regular workings which men have inferred as existing in God's universe (κόσμος†—the very word means order). These laws do not exist for God. He does not profess to be bound by them. It is the Will of God for Himself. To think that He is always to be bound by the regular course of events, by the ordinary sequence of cause and effect which we have seen in Nature, is to take a mechanical view of the universe. It is not like a clock which its maker constructs and then lets go by itself, or like a ship which is built and launched for others to navigate. We believe that God not only created the worlds, but that 'He upholds all things by the word of His power.' T 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' says

<sup>\*</sup> Trench, "Introduction to the Miracles," chap. xi.

our Lord. How, then, can God, if this view be correct, be said to intrude upon or intervene in that which He is ever upholding, and in which He is ever immanent? 'When,' says St. Augustine, 'things happen in a continuous kind of river of ever-flowing succession, passing from the hidden to the visible, and from the visible to the hidden, by a regular and beaten track, they are called natural: when, for the admonition of men, they are thrust in by an unusual changeableness, they are called miracles.'"\*

3. But if the Gospel (rightly understood) does not contradict the modern reverence for law, or modern respect for experience, what other enlightened ideas of our time does it intellectually flout? I know of none, except a blank materialism, which is not scientific, and which is the foe of true science and of religion alike.

Is the day of Marconi telegrams, of radium, of thought-transference, a day in which to say things are impossible with God, or that we know and can measure by a plumb-line what God can do, or will do, in His own world?

In all probability we are only at the beginning of the wonders which lie hid in this marvellous

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;De Trin.," iii. 6, quoted in Bernard, "Miracles."

universe, and which are yet, if we knew them all, but a fragmentary revelation of the wisdom and power of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.

II. But if there is no reason to be intellectually ashamed of the Gospel, need we be morally ashamed? Is the Gospel of modern progress justified in assuming that it can get on very well without Christianity, or, to use a favourite metaphor, that Christianity is like a passenger left behind by a coach, and is calling to be picked up now for fear of being left behind? I answer, that there was no progress without it in the past, is none in the present, and cannot be any in the future.

to prove in detail the past. It would take too long to prove in detail the part which the Gospel has played in the moral progress of Europe. It will be enough to refer to Mr. Lecky, the author of "European Morals," where he says of Christ: "The record of these three short years has done more to regenerate mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the plans of statesmen."

It was the Gospel that taught morality to Europe; it was the Gospel that brought a spring

of purity and therefore hope into the decadence of Rome; it was the Gospel which tamed the Goths who conquered Rome; it was the Gospel which civilised the wild and warlike tribes of Germany; it was the Gospel which converted barbarous Britain; it was the Gospel which created Christian Europe.

And when we take more particularly the labour movement, which, through the mouths of some, but by no means all its leaders, claims to owe nothing to Christianity, I should be prepared to show, as I have shown many times in East London, that the working men of to-day owe to the Gospel the four things they value most—their freedom, their homes, their education, and their hospitals. It was the Gospel which taught the dignity of labour; the Gospel which gave woman the position she holds to-day; the Gospel which everywhere inaugurated schools, until it had taught the State its duty; and the Gospel which produced the passion of pity for the poor and suffering which built the hospitals.

2. And when we turn from the past to the present, in spite of all the dark problems in our great city, what is the inspiration and hope of it? It is the Gospel.

It is the Gospel which is sending down night by night an army of faithful women to rescue the fallen; it is the Gospel which makes some of you after your day's work go and superintend Church Lads' Brigades, and look after the boys in clubs; it is the Gospel which has started our Settlements; it is the Gospel of honour and truth which is the purifying element in city life; and when I see what a moral engine it still is, I am not ashamed morally of the Gospel of CHRIST.

3. And as for the future, why are we to expect that what Civilisation, spelt with a capital, apart from Religion, has never done in the past, it is going to be able to do in the future?

There are no signs of it. All socialistic dreams are hopelessly impossible unless men are unselfish, and unselfishness has never been attained yet except under the power of religion. I was much struck by the paper of a labour leader in "Doubts of Democracy," who, after throwing over religion for some ten or twelve years, had come back to the religion of the Church, because he found in it the only moral power which could give the labour movement the stability it needs: "After active work in the labour move-

ment for twenty-five years, I am convinced that there is only one solid foundation on which that movement can rest, and that is the foundation fact which Christ laid down, that 'he that would gain his life must lose it'" (p. 9).

III. But if not intellectually or morally ashamed of the Gospel, is it true that practically we are ashamed of it? Is the answer to the question, "Do we believe?" "No, we only pretend to believe, and are laughing in our sleeves all the time"?

And the writer who asks the question in the paper to which I have referred really answers it when he says, "I know that there are many quiet and religious people who live simply, who do justice, who love mercy, and walk humbly with their God."

Although we believe that this number is far greater than the writer seems to imply, we have no quarrel with his answer. It is only those converted by the Gospel who we pretend are influenced by it; it is the steadfastness, the reality of Christians on which we base our case, not the conduct or the bearing or the lives of those who happen to live in a so-called Christian country. This was all the Apostle himself claimed: "I am

not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every soul which believeth."

The Master's own metaphor, "Ye are the salt of the earth," implied this—the salt at all costs must keep its savour; and if we can show that in ever-increasing numbers the Gospel is teaching men and women to lead the life of the Sermon on the Mount; is bracing them in their troubles; is curbing their sinful passions; is teaching them to do justice and love mercy, and walk humbly with their Gop—then there is no reason why practically any more than morally or intellectually we need be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

But remember, dear brethren, the responsibility it places on us; the eyes of the world are upon us; we are a city set on a hill, like this very St. Paul's Cathedral in which we are gathered to-night. Christ can be wounded in the house of His friends in a way He cannot be by any outsiders in the world. Let us see to it that not only do we hear lectures and discuss problems, and be interested in Church affairs, but that by self-examination, by spiritual effort, by earnest prayer, by devout communion, and by a life of

49 E

true self-sacrifice for others, we feed the flame within our souls, and then, all the better if unconsciously to ourselves, our light shall so shine before men that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

#### THE MIRACLE OF FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND\*

"Then He took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed them, and brake, and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude. And they did eat, and were all filled: and there was taken up of fragments that remained to them twelve baskets."-ST. LUKE ix. 16, 17.

COME here, my friends, first of all to know you, for there is a danger in this great diocese of a Bishop becoming a mere far-off personage to his people. He is meant to be a Father in God to them. According to the theory of the Church to which we belong, the Bishop is the head of every church in his diocese, and he is meant to be a Father in God in no mere name, but truly, joying in the joys of his people, and bearing their burdens with them; and, therefore, it is a great

E 2

<sup>\*</sup> Preached at St. John's, Highbury Vale, Festival Service, Tuesday, October 11, 1904. 51

happiness to me, as your Bishop, to come to-night, join in this bright service with you, and tell you how much I sympathise with the difficulties which you have in such a church as this.

I have come, then, first to knit the sacred bond which ought to exist between a Bishop and his people—to take my place not only officially in your church, but, if you will, in your hearts and in your prayers. But now that I have come, I have to give you some message from God and some message specially appropriate to the times in which we live. I often think of that metaphor in the Old Testament about the watchman who was placed upon the walls: "I have set thee as a watchman upon the walls of Jerusalem"; but if the watchman blow not the trumpet, then the blood shall be upon the watchman's head. Looking from the watch-tower-which, perhaps, in some way gives a Bishop a better view of the whole battlefield than those have who are fighting in any part of the field—I foresee in the coming years, and especially on the part of the young, an Armageddon—a fight for their faith such as perhaps we, who are in middle life now, have scarcely known in our boyhood or in our girlhood; and, therefore, I want to-night, so far as

# Feeding the Five Thousand

I can, to fortify those who have to fight the battle by at least one message that will help them, and I have selected this particular miracle because it is narrated no less than four times in Holy Scripture. If the attack, which from so many quarters tries to sweep the faith from under our feet, does away with the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand —the only miracle recorded in all four Gospels what other miracle could be considered safe from a similar attack? So I ask you, first of all, Did this thing happen? Dr. Liddon pointed out long ago that we shall all of us cease to pray if once our faith is undermined in the Being to whom we pray; we shall soon cease to practise prayer for its subjective influence upon ourselves if once we lose faith in the supreme loving Being who hears our prayers. Therefore, before I seek to point out what seem to me the deep, the certain, the most comforting lessons which spring from the story, I face with you this question, my people: Did it happen? If I answer it in the first person, it is only because I am speaking for thinking, reasoning Christians who believe with their minds as well as with their hearts, and without laying aside in any way their reason, that this marvellous thing did happen in the world, and that there was

One who, surrounded by five thousand people, did take the five loaves and the few fishes and fed the multitude with that food by means of His supernatural power.

I. I believe it first because it is told me by truthful, plain, unimaginative men. If four men upon whose word I could rely, representing a congregation like this, were to come down to me at Fulham and were to assert that they had with their own eyes seen something happen in this parish, more especially if the whole congregation were prepared to die as witnesses to the reality of what they had seen, I should believe what they told me. I do not know whether it has ever struck you that this must be the very reason why our LORD JESUS CHRIST chose plain and unimaginative men to be His witnesses. Anyone conversant with a law-court knows that no one more readily destroys the confidence of the judge and the jury than an imaginative witness. Now, these men who bring us this story were plain men who did not want to believe a miracle if they could help it, who were always slow of heart to believe anything wonderful at all, who needed to have facts driven home to them. Not once nor twice our LORD said to them: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe!" The man

## Feeding the Five Thousand

who imagined the Gospel story would be almost greater, as has often been pointed out, than the heroes of it, and therefore one of the great testimonies to the clear, solid truth of the Gospel story is that it is brought to us by men who could not have imagined it if they had tried. The first reason, then, why I believe that this really happened is because of the weight of testimony and the character of the witnesses who bring down this story to our time.

2. Then, again, I believe it because I find myself now in a world of miracles. I see that you still have up round your church the decorations for the harvest festival, still the loaves and the flowers. Do not those remind us of what a world of miracles we live in? It is a very dull man or a very uninstructed man who imagines that he understands the world in which he lives. The appearance of life was the greatest miracle that ever took place. There must have been a point in the history of the world at which there was no such thing as organic life, and there never was such a break in the uniformity of nature as when that life appeared. After all these thousands of years no one knows what life is. No one can define the difference which stands between the living people

who sit in the church at a funeral and the dead body carried in. They know that there is the difference that one is alive and the other has no life, but no one can define it. I opened a medical book the other day in a hospital, and the first words that I read were these: "Sleep is as great a mystery as ever." You see the golden stalk of corn, and you know that it was a little seed; but how the one became the other no one can possibly explain. Therefore, the second reason that makes the miraculous believable to you and to me is that we live in a world of miracles, in a world of wonders; and it does not surprise me at all that One who could bring in (and we will see in a moment why He could) a law higher than the laws that I see working to-day would do so if He saw occasion when face to face with a hungry crowd,

Then, thirdly, I believe it because of the Person who stood there surrounded by that hungry crowd. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that we believe in Jesus Christ because He worked miracles. I arrive at my belief in Jesus Christ before I hear anything about miracles at all. I see something pointing on towards a coming person in history. I find the Jews saying, "There is one to come, a great coming one," and I find among the

56

## Feeding the Five Thousand

Gentiles a stream of prophecy pointing on to someone in the future who may appear. Plato says: "Perhaps the good man, the perfectly good man, will come. If so, he will certainly be put to death." I find the wise men in the East looking for a star which would guide them to a great person who was to come; and when JESUS CHRIST stands on the crest of the ages and says, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star," He looks down both lines of prophecy. "I am the root and the offspring of David which you Jews are looking for. I am the bright and morning star which you Gentiles have been longing for for years." He comes, and stands before us. That He did come is a matter of history; the Roman historian, Tacitus, says in his history: "Jesus CHRIST was put to death when Pontius Pilate was Procurator of Judæa." I look at His character, and I find there the true miracle. Yes, the great miracle of the world is that one who was born in a narrow Jewish tribe of poor parentage should to-day wield the greatest influence in modern Europe, ten thousand times the influence of any statesman, philosopher, or king; and I find Him acclaimed by the testimony of mankind as

the ideal of the world. "Live," says John Stuart Mill, "so that Jesus Christ will approve of your life." "The record of three short years," said the historian Lecky, "has done more to regenerate mankind than all the plans of statesmen and all the disquisitions of philosophers." He stands there the ideal of the world, therefore at least humble and sincere. What did He say of Himself? "He that has seen Me has seen the FATHER. Before Abraham was, I am. My FATHER and I are one." He makes the highest claim of all, and when I look up into His truthful eyes as He makes the claim, and He looks back into mine and says, "What think ye of CHRIST? Whose Son is He?" before I think or speak of the miracles, I answer back in the acclaim of the ages, "Thou art the King of Glory, O CHRIST. Thou art the everlasting Son of the FATHER." Then it is, and not till then, that I turn to the miracles and I say: "Has He any more power over life and death than I have? Has He any more power over the blind, over Nature, than I have? Has He any more power over death than I have?" I expect Him to have it. I expect the incarnate Son of God to have it, and I find that He has. I find that He can heal the sick; He can give sight to

# Feeding the Five Thousand

the blind; He can raise the dead by a word; He can feed the crowd, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against Him. The bonds of death He breaks asunder, and, risen in very truth, He says: "I am He that liveth and was dead. Behold, I am alive for evermore, amen, and have the keys of hell and death." Therefore, my people, with my reason as well as with my heart, I believe that this thing happened.

Now, what effect has it had? Why should I insist so upon this? What bearing has it upon your life, and my life, and the lives of others? In the first place, but for this I should not have been certain that I was fed day by day by the hand of God Himself. I might have slipped into the idea that the laws of Nature worked themselves, or even, as some would have us believe, that the world worked itself by chance. The laws of Nature work themselves! What are the laws of Nature? The observed uniformities in Nature, the way in which Nature generally works. Every law of Nature requires a continuous application of force, and why a miracle like this is such a flash of inspiration to us is that the arm that works every day ("My FATHER worketh" even up till now, "and I work") was seen visibly in the miracle.

As for the theory of Chance, as I often said to my sceptical friends round the stand in Victoria Park, when a box of letters can throw themselves into a play of Shakespeare, I may believe that the atoms of the universe threw themselves into the universe as we have it to-day. We know that they could not, for the play of Shakespeare has the mark of mind upon it. Is there no mark of mind in the marvellous play, the marvellous pageant which we see when we walk home every starry night? So the first lesson which this precious story teaches me is that I am fed every day from my FATHER's hand. That is why you had your Harvest Festival, and I hope that that is why you have grace every day over your meals. Do not give that up. It has come down to us from our forefathers, an outward sign to the children that we recognise who it is that feeds us, an outward mark of gratitude to God in our homes. Keep up the practice of saying grace in your homes. I say grace myself before and after every meal, and it ought to be said from the highest to the lowest in this country of ours if we are to keep alive the belief that we are fed from our FATHER's hand.

And then, secondly, it gives me an assurance

# Feeding the Five Thousand

that I can have food and bread for my soul as well as for my body. When you and I say, "Give us this day our daily bread," surely we are not only thinking of our bodies: we are thinking of our souls. "Thy body at its best-how far can that project thy soul on its lone way?" asks the poet Browning. How do we know that the spirit can be fed? I turn to this glorious story of the miracle, and I know that it can. Just as in the Gospel our LORD says to the sick of the palsy, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk, that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins," so He worked this miracle before the eyes of the world that we might know that when we pray our prayers are answered; that we might know when we come to the Holy Communion that it is no empty sign of something absent, but the real and true living bread from Heaven. Therefore it gives me, in the second place, a sense of reality in my spiritual life.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Lord, what a change within us one short hour Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make! What heavy burdens from our bosom take! What parched ground refresh as with a shower! We kneel, and all around us seems to lower; We rise, and all the distant and the near Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear. We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!

How is it that we do ourselves this wrong And others, that we are not always strong? That we should ever weak and heartless be, Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer And strength, and hope, and courage are with Thee?"

Think of that, my people, and be certain that bread is promised in answer to your earnest prayers for vour souls. So with the Holy Communion. Are some of you here not communicants because you think it impossible that the LORD should use outward and visible signs to do His work with? Why, He was always using them. He put clay upon the eyes of the blind man and said, "Go and wash in the pool of Siloam." Outward and visible signs are useless in themselves, but the LORD chose to use them. When you see Him take the bread in His hands, bless it, as He did in working the miracle before your eyes, and feed the hungry crowd, it is just what by His power He can do every day. He is still alive; He is just the same. Therefore come in faith. We none of us understand how the LORD does these things, but He says, "Take, eat; this is My body"; "Drink ye all of this," and all His faithful people ought to be humble and reverent communicants.

And so, again, it gives me a message for the

# Feeding the Five Thousand

dying, and a message of comfort when I come to die myself. I was visiting a few days ago in Hampstead, Friedenheim, the Home of Peace, or, as some call it, the Home of the Dying. I went round and blessed as many as I had time to see, and gave them a message. To one poor blind girl who was lying there I said, "Look straight into the light, and you will always have the shadows behind." Her face brightened all over, and she said, "Oh, I will think of it-I will think of it till I die!" And, please God, she will look into the light until, with eyes that see at last, she looks into the light eternal for ever. What has this miracle to say to the dying? It tells us that we can be certain, quite certain, that in the last journey—that journey to the unseen world -we shall have food that will strengthen us and help us. What a glorious comfort it is to think that He who worked this miracle is the LORD of the other world as well as of this, and that He will, through the valley of the shadow of death, be with us as the Good Shepherd to feed us and to tend us. The dying, when they read this miracle, can go calmly to their death saying, in the beautiful words of the Psalm, "He smote the stony rock indeed" over and over again in life,

and helped me through this trouble and that. "He smote the stony rock indeed, and the water gushed out, and the streams flowed withal. Then He can give bread also, and provide flesh for His people." With that conviction they die.

And so it may be that a night like this may be a turning-point in the lives of some of us. There may be some here who are not only visitors to the church from a distance, but who, as a matter of fact, do not belong to any church at all. I would say to them, Have you thought over this? Have you thought over these things? After death you will have to stand before this wondrous Being who took the loaves into His hands and blessed and brake. He says to you, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." He invites you. What are you waiting for? Are you waiting for another Agony and Bloody Sweat, for another Incarnation, for another Death upon the Cross, and another Resurrection? You will never have it. Once and for all He came, once and for. all He died; once and for all He rose again, and you will stand before One who bears in His sacred body the marks of the pain which He endured for you. Do not keep Him waiting for ever. There may be some of you who are regular

# Feeding the Five Thousand

church people, but yet I would venture to say to them, Do you believe in all that church-life means? Do you bring your children to the font because Jesus stands -there and says, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not"? Do you come to be confirmed because you believe that Jesus stands there, and breathes on you and says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost"? Do you come to the Holy Communion believing that CHRIST is there to help you? Oh, what a cold, pale, depressing thing church-life is where there is not faith! Have faith in the living CHRIST, and it is all warm, and true, and inspiring. Why, there is no meaning even in our hymns of praise and prayer to-day unless Jesus Christ is standing here in our midst, and we speak to Him. Try to have in your church-life a more spiritual and deeper apprehension of the presence of Christ, and that will make everything real.

And then, lastly, it may be a turning-point in what we do in our lives for Christ. I remember well a story which I heard quite as a boy of a young tradesman who was dying. His friends thought that he was unconscious as he lay upon his bed, and they said to themselves, "What a pity it is that a young man like this should die!

65

He might have made a fortune if he had lived. He is the best hand at a bargain in the place." But their friend was not unconscious. He raised himself on his elbow, and he said: "My friends, I have heard what you have said, but if you could lie as I lie, and know that not all the money in the world could buy you back five minutes of life, all thoughts like these would be swallowed up in the one awful thought that in five minutes I have to meet my God, and I have to meet Him emptyhanded." Put yourselves in imagination upon your death-beds. After all, it is only anticipating a very few years. What is going to help you then? That you have been the best hand at a bargain in the place, that you have made a great fortune in the city, that you have been the most popular person in society, that you have been clever in argument, and, perhaps, demolished the faith of other people? That will be nothing then, possibly nothing but a curse. But to have, on a night like this, if not before, dedicated your life to JESUS CHRIST-

> "Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee"—

to have used every moment as a precious trust for doing good in the world, to have set up a modest

# Feeding the Five Thousand

but faithful witness in the city and in your home to what a Christian life should be; to have come regularly to your parish church on Sunday, and borne your witness before the world; to have looked round the world in which you live, and seen what you could do to help others for Christ's sake; to have fed your soul and to have fed the souls of others on the Bread of Life—that shall bring a man peace at the last.

67

F 2

#### V

#### THE TRIUMPH OF THE IMPOSSIBLE\*

"With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible."—St. Mark x. 27.

THE history of Christianity from the beginning to the present day has been the triumph of the impossible. If a thoughtful philosopher in the days of old had been told that the great Power of the universe would walk this earth in guise of human form—this earth, after all but a small planet among twenty million blazing suns—that He would be at the same time Perfect God and Perfect Man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting, he would have thought it impossible; but it is just the impossible which has happened. Or if an educated Roman of two thousand years ago had been told that far away in barbarous Britain, more

<sup>\*</sup> Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of the thirteenth centenary of the revival of the See of London on May 5, 1904.

# The Triumph of the Impossible

remote to him and unknown than to us is Matabele-land or Central Africa, there would stand a greater city than his own Rome; that guarding it and watching over it like a lion at rest would be a great cathedral, erected to a faith of which neither he nor anyone else had ever heard, and that towering above it, in the place of honour, brandished on high as the symbol of victory, would be the instrument of the most shameful punishment, on which he had only seen slaves who had stolen or lied gasping out their lives in ignominious death, he would have said it was some fairy-tale you were telling him; and yet it is that fairy-tale which has come true.

Or, when we look a little closer at the glorious story from a Christian point of view, use and wont must never blind us to the triumph of the impossible at every stage: it was impossible that the Lord of Life should be able to die; He being made man did die; the spear-thrust providentially proved that for all time: it was impossible that, having died, He should rise again; everything was against it—previous experience, the laws of nature, the heavy stone, the cerements of the grave, the expectation of His friends, the wishes of His foes. "Ye have a watch... make it as sure as ye

can," Pilate said (surely the most ironical sentence ever spoken on earth); and yet, as if nothing were against it, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, tossing off the bonds of death as a giant might toss away the playthings of a child, leaving the linen clothes lying as they were, unmoved, the napkin still in its turban-like folds where it had covered the head, He sprang to victory-"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, amen, and have the keys of hell and of death." Such, then, being the start of Christianity, we need not be surprised that the history of the Church has shown the same triumph of the impossible. If any here feel that they have an impossible task before them, they should think of St. Paul alone in Corinth, or a prisoner at Rome, with the whole civilised world arrayed against him; they should think of the forty monks sent from such a comparatively poor country as Italy to convert this dangerous and barbarous island, and they need feel no surprise that they turned back half way before what seemed their practically impossible task; at every stage the running commentary which echoes from Heaven, as though it were the refrain which the history of the Church was meant to illustrate, is this-" With men it is impossible,

# The Triumph of the Impossible

but not with God: for with God all things are possible."

And certainly, when we come to the history of the Diocese of London, the revival of which thirteen hundred years ago will be commemorated by special celebrations of the Holy Eucharist in every church within its bounds, this keynote of Christianity and of the history of the Christian Church does not fail; the impossible has again triumphed in London.

It would be difficult for any diocese to be more unfortunate in its first beginnings than the Diocese of London. Mellitus was not one of the first forty monks who came over with St. Augustine, but the leader of the supplementary party whom Gregory sent in July, 601. In 604 he was selected by St. Augustine as the first Bishop of London City. "The metropolis of the East Saxons," we are told by Bede, "is London, an emporium of many nations that come to it by land and by sea; it is situated on the banks of the Thames, which separates the kingdom of the East Saxons from the kingdom of Kent." "When the province of the East Saxons," continues the same historian, "received the word of truth by the preaching of Mellitus, King Ethelbert built the Church of St. Paul in London City, where Mellitus

and his successors should have their Bishop seat."

So far we seemed to have a promising beginning; the Tillingham estate, still held by this ancient Cathedral, was given in 609, and anyone who expected the course of history to flow with even tenor would have felt certain that the great disaster which had swept away in the early ages the first efforts to found a See of London, in the days of Restitutus, had at last been more than retrieved by the permanent settlement of a Bishop, an endowed cathedral, and an uninterrupted ministry. But the unexpected always happens in history. Within a few years after the famous refusal ot Mellitus to give the white Eucharistic bread to the sons of Saba until they had been baptised, Mellitus of London and Justus of Rochester, almost followed by Laurentius of Canterbury, were in full flight to the Continent, and although after a year Mellitus returned to London, he left it again almost immediately, never to return; and for thirty-seven long years the East Saxons again became pagans.

Thirty-seven years is a long time, and if we picture the handful of Christians who no doubt were left, eating out their hearts with hope deferred,

### The Triumph of the Impossible

and dying with no sign of any lifting of the cloud at all, they might be excused for thinking that the forces of evil had entirely triumphed, and that it was beyond the power of God or of His Church to convert the stolid paganism of this heathen place. And even if they had had, as they may have had, a glimmer of hope, never could they have even faintly guessed the quarter from which the light would come. That London should owe its Christianity to a little island on the coast of Scotland; that the chance friendship of the East Saxon chief with his Northumbrian brother chief, and his visits to the North, should lead to his conversion; that his request from his friend Oswy for a Christian teacher should have resulted in the sending of a monk from Iona; that the second Bishop of London should be consecrated by three Scottish Bishops; and that when what seemed the ordinary and normal had hopelessly failed, the extraordinary and the abnormal should succeed, is what the man of the world would call a freak of history, but what the Christian believer sees again to be the triumph of the impossible in the history of the Church, and another illustration of the heavenly refrain, "With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible."

But the chequered history of the diocese in the first century of its revival was not over yet. The native ministry of East Saxons formed by Cedd, the second Bishop, was full of promise, and a real start seemed made again in the foundation of a native Church; but who would have expected the third Bishop of London to be a Simon Magus? "Wina, the third Bishop," we are told by the faithful Bede, "went to the Mercian King and purchased for money the See of London City, which he held till his death," and it was not until the great Ercanwald in 675 took the diocese in hand, and through eighteen fruitful years left his mark on Church and State, repaired the City wall, built the Bishop's Gate, of famous memory to-day, and built up at the same time the towers and battlements of the kingdom of God, that the impossibilities of the past became the facts of the present, and caused future generations to sing, "O lux Londinii, pater Erkanwalde beate."

Most reverend Father in God, successor of St. Augustine, right reverend brethren of the province, reverend fellow-priests and deacons of the diocese, and well-beloved brothers and sisters of the laity, space fails me to recount further or in greater detail the history of this diocese, of which,

# The Triumph of the Impossible

feeling so unworthy, I stand before you as the hundred and sixth Bishop to-day.

We might illustrate the triumph of the impossible again and again from the history of this Cathedral alone: St. Paul's a stable; St. Paul's again a church; St. Paul's in ashes; St. Paul's one of the great cathedrals of the world; St. Paul's with the space under its mighty dome screened off as unneeded; St. Paul's as it is on every Sunday, crowded with thousands of God's people, morning, afternoon, and evening, and with hundreds every week-day throughout the year. Do you want a proof that the impossible triumphs? We of St. Paul's may answer with the famous motto upon Wren's tomb, "Si monumentum requiris circumspice."

But you may well ask, What has all this to teach us? We come, you say, from the burden of our dioceses, which weigh heavily upon us; we come from our parishes of ten thousand people, many of whom are still sunk in apathy which nothing can dispel; we come from a city of which eighteen per cent. alone go to church or chapel; we see in many quarters signs of uncompromising hostility to the old Church of the country; tokens are manifest that a feeling of uncertainty about the

facts of Christianity is shaking the faith in many hearts; we see Sunday desecrated and set at nought; we see "London City" at night still in many ways a scandal to the world; and it seems impossible sometimes to believe that the Church of Christ will rise superior to all the difficulties which at this time seem to overwhelm her, and will discharge unscathed and unhindered her mission to the Anglo-Saxon race.

We have gathered little from our study of the past if we are not ready with the answer: It is iust because it is impossible that it will happen. He smote the stony rock indeed—at the unexpected moment-that the waters gushed out and the stream flowed withal; then He can-at an equal hour of need-give bread also and provide flesh for His people. Can anyone pretend for a moment that when CHRIST was in the tomb, and the heavy stone was rolled across its mouth, and every disciple fled or was broken-hearted, Christianity was in a better position than it is to-day? Can anyone argue, when St. Paul was alone in Corinth. or when Mellitus had gone in despair to Gaul, or when men said in King Stephen's days that "CHRIST slept," that there was a greater probability of winning the world to CHRIST than there is to-day?

# The Triumph of the Impossible

If once we realise that there never were any good old times when all was easy, we should face with better heart the problems of to-day. With men at every stage it is impossible, but not with God, for with God all things are possible. And as with the Church at large, so with each individual parish. Is there no comfort in the thought that we are all part of a great Divine purpose which cannot fail?—that Gop asks our work and not our success—" Curam, non curationem posco" and that in every age He seems to have rejoiced in choosing the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things that are despised, yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are; and that you and I, who appear on the crest of the wave for a few moments in the sunshine, are all parts, and necessary parts, of a great tide ever setting towards the shores of Heaven, which nothing can ever turn aside, for it is the love of God to human kind, which comes from God and goes to God for ever?

And yet while we rejoice for a moment with a glorious sense of power behind us, and of having with us one whose purposes can never fail, it must be balanced the next moment by the awful thought

that we, and we alone, being free, personal, responsible beings, can help to make impossible, at any rate in our generation, the work of God.

God asks our faithfulness and not our success; but are we faithful?

A faithless Bishop, priests who have given up in despair, men and women who have lost their missionary spirit, a prayerless Church, a worldly ministry, an irresponsive people—these are the dead weights which God finds as His love flows forth conquering and to conquer. Christ could do no mighty work in a certain place because of their unbelief.

The impossible has happened in the past, and we rise as one man to thank God for it to-day; but if with greater devotion and greater zeal we corresponded to the grace of God, what still greater miracles might be worked in the future? Let us look to it, then, lest any man fail of the grace of God, lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble us, and thereby many be defiled.

It is an inspiring thought to consider the amount of power locked up in any single congregation. Bishop Selwyn, looking down on Eton Chapel full of boys, from the pulpit where he was preaching, said, "Give me this chapel full of absolutely con-

# The Triumph of the Impossible

verted and devoted lads, and I will convert the world." When we think how God uses men and women to influence one another, and of the amount of influence which could be exerted by a single congregation, we might dare to say the same—"Let every soul here to-night be devoted to Christ, let every soul be baptized to the full with the Spirit, and work in the loving fellowship of one united Church, and the great impossible might become true, and London City be turned into the city of God."

Think, for instance, what it would mean to London if the Bishop of London's Fund was raised at once to £50,000 and later to £100,000 a year, and we could plant down without the terrible strain we have to-day a new church in every district as our 40,000 extra people annually pour down upon us; if the East London Church Fund could send a curate at once to every tired parish priest; if the brave venture of the settlements in the slums were followed by a large number of the richer class, who were ready voluntarily to live among the poor; if every baptized Christian were to come forward to be consecrated to his lay priesthood at Confirmation, and exercised his ministry in some form of loving service for his

fellow-men; if the little army of rescue workers were reinforced by many hundreds, and the men of London were to join in a chivalrous effort to guard the weak and shield the innocent; and if Sunday, consecrated for the world by Christ, was indeed "the Lord's day," and sanctified by its worship and rest the whole week. Does it seem impossible? Does it seem an empty dream? But the things that are impossible with men are possible with God.

There is one more application of our message which we are bound to make, and that is the "triumph of the impossible" in the mission-field abroad. Those in this diocese have often heard me say that I long to make the Diocese of London the greatest missionary diocese in the world, and that not from any ignoble rivalry with other dioceses, but only because, being the most central, the biggest and the richest, it is our place to lead the van, and even then to feel that we have done nothing more than our duty. And yet by nothing is our faith more sorely tried than by mission work abroad: the loss of life; the difficulty of climate and of language; the apathy about it, especially among the educated classes; the pinched funds for home

80

### The Triumph of the Impossible

mission work, which seem to leave both in diocese and in parish so little to spare; the difficulty of manning the home Church; the parishes even to-day without curates; the necessarily slow results of the work itself—all this makes the faithless say, "It is impossible to convert the world; leave the heathen to themselves; one religion is as good as another; physician, heal thyself."

But if we have only eyes to see, the impossible is happening before our very eyes: "greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to My Father." Melanesia is almost entirely converted by one or other Christian body; the Cross forges slowly ahead through Africa; New Guinea is bowing her head to Christ; and where the Church goes forward in faith at the command of her Master, He confirms in every quarter of the world the Word with signs following; and when we look at it from the point of view of duty, if we rejoice to-day because we are Christian London in the light of the truth brought us at the risk of their lives by brave missionaries of old, when we were a pagan town in "barbarous Britain," by what possible right can we refuse to pass on the light to people no more barbarous than we were thirteen hundred years ago?

81

And so with these mingled thoughts of thankfulness and penitence and hope, let us try at least to build one Church as a landmark of where the tide reached at the end of thirteen hundred years, and then, flinging ourselves with renewed faith upon the strength and love of God, let us bend ourselves to the task which lies before us with the faith which removes mountains, certain that because all things are possible with God, all things are also possible to him that believeth.

#### VI

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD NOT IN WORD BUT IN POWER\*

"For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power."
—1 Cor. iv. 20.

E are very familiar in these days with the idea of power; it is a word which we are constantly using. The Allied Powers! How little in proportion to their force they seem sometimes to accomplish; and yet, what a solid mass of men, what a thunder of armaments, the word implies behind them! The power of electricity, unfathomed yet in all that it may accomplish for the human race, but clearly come to stay, with its known capability of enabling us to speak across space without even the medium of a wire; with its half-promise of solving for us in the future the

83

G 2

<sup>\*</sup> Preached at the opening of the Church Congress, Brighton, October, 1901.

at present insoluble difficulty of our overcrowded towns.

Nor is it only in armed forces, in the gradually revealed secrets of Nature, that we recognise power. "That man is a power," we say; it is often far from clear why he is. He may have few gifts: he may be rough in manner, clumsy in speech, but when he speaks men listen; when he orders they obey; his force is felt; he is just what we say—"a power."

Nor was there ever a time when men more respected power. It is a mistake to suppose that the smooth man, who never gives offence, is the man who has most influence in his generation; it is, rather, the man who, however outwardly courteous and considerate, can take his own line; the man who is felt to be in dead carnest; the man who is known to make his decision on the highest grounds, even if that decision is contrary to our own ideas of what is right, such a man is respected even if he is hated; he makes his mark, and he has not lived in vain.

But while the ordinary Englishman thus recognises and largely worships power, the noticeable thing is this: he does not, as a rule, associate power with religion. It is, I should say,

# The Kingdom of God

a great mistake to suppose that he is generally irreligious, and a still greater mistake that he is opposed to religion in others. But he associates it in his mind with mild respectability. It is not so much, it is true, "the thing" to go to church on Sunday morning when you stay in a country house, as it used to be; but still, it is more correct than not to do so. The Sunday sermon is listened to with polite respect, though possibly criticised at the luncheon table afterwards. The country landscape would, indeed, be injured by the loss of the spire which peeps above the village, and the friendly clergyman who looks in for a chat, so long as it is not too often, is looked upon as a kindly neighbour. Religion, in other words, is a familiar and not unwelcome feature of life in the country, rather than a power. Or, if we take the towns, it is often much the same. It is easy to take too little account of the crowded West End churches, and to speak of the congregations as just a fashionable crowd who go there for show on their way to church parade in the Park. Many of us know how shallow such an estimate is of West End religion. We know how many a man there has firmly, though goodhumouredly, held to his convictions and declined

week by week the golf match pressed on him by friends who spend every week-end now on some popular links; how many a woman in that well-dressed crowd spends night after night in some girls' club among the poor. But, even with that truer estimate which comes of knowledge, how little, even in their minds, is power associated with religion. Religion is a piece of furniture in the room of their life which they feel sure ought to be there. It is not with the educated class something which grips them round, carries them along, uses them, moulds them, and transforms them, any more than it is to the working-man who, sitting in his shirt-sleeves with his pipe in his mouth, watches with idle curiosity a neighbour or two in their Sunday-best saunter down the street to the church or chapel at the corner.

And yet, when we look back, "a power" is not only what religion ought to be, but what the Church once was. Look at the Jewish Church and see what the prophets were to the generation in which they lived. They were hated, they were persecuted; they used language rough and strong, but they were powers. The Spirit of the Lord came upon this one or on that one, and though men might hate him, no one could forget him, no

## The Kingdom of God

one could come away from listening to him in a spirit of mild self-complacency. There was nothing merely respectable about Elijah, or Jeremiah, or Ezekiel; they were men of another world, whose business it was to remind people of another world, not only to come afterwards, but as in existence then. They were surrounded by great kingdoms - kingdoms great enough to overawe entirely the few tribes which constituted Judah and Israel—but they never were overawed by them. To their minds, quite distinctly, there were being carried on the operations of a far mightier kingdom-the kingdom of God. All these mighty kingdoms round them might tower for the moment, but they would tower and be gone; one would break up the other. But behind them all, to the eyes of the prophets, and making its way through them all, with awful slowness but resistless might, was this kingdom of God, not in word, but in power. As to the young man whose eyes were opened, so to them the hills and valleys were full of horses and chariots of fire round about them, and ever in their ears rang the victorious chant, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them." So when the Jewish Church closed its mission to the world in that

Person in whom the Christian Church took its start, it is just the same with Him. "Power" is the characteristic of His ministry; His word was "with power." His miracles are sometimes called signs, but quite as often "powers." He stirred the deepest hatred, He won the most passionate love. He bowed human souls before Him as a strong wind bows down the ears of corn. "Never man spake like this Man." "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world is gone after Him."

His visible presence passes from the world, but it is still the same—the power goes on. "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be clothed with power from on high." "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto My FATHER." It seemed impossible, but it came true. Weak fishermen became the world's apostles. The shadow even of the one who had denied Him healed the sick. "Stand upright on thy feet!" they cried, and the lame walked. They preach, and three thousand are at once converted; even professional pride is broken down; many of the priests became obedient to the faith. The tide of power is running so strong that even in the person of an old man, physically weak, it is irresistible; it claims obedience though personified by one

# The Kingdom of God

against the world. "Shall I come to you?" cries St. Paul in the passage from which our text is taken, and with what magnificent audacity when one thinks who said it and to whom. "Shall I come to you with a rod or in love and a spirit of meekness?" "I will know not the speech of them who are puffed up, but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." And when we come to the Church in our land, weakened at first by the morbid asceticism which, especially among the Scottish missionaries, was a reaction against the life of self-indulgence which they found prevalent in their day; injured in the Norman days by perpetual strife between King, Archbishop, and Pope; marred in its freedom for centuries by the influence of a Church which was, in a true sense, under the loving care of Gregory, its cradle, but which almost became its grave; yet, in spite of it all, even before the Reformation, what a power has the Church of England been!

It is a curious patriotism which is ashamed of talking of "The Church of England"; it is a one-sided loyalty not to be able to combine the joy of belonging to the Holy Catholic Church, with a throb of delight to read in Magna Charta that "the Church of England shall be free." The very title

tells us that the kingdom of God has indeed been "not in word, but in power" in England. To have taken barbarous Britain and turned it into Christian England; to have conquered the conquerors, not once, but time after time; to have preached down slavery; to have given in its Church synods to the nation, the first idea of a national Parliament, and in the unity of the Church the first exemplar of the unity of the people; to be so bound up with the history of our country that no man can name the day when the Church of England was established, because the Church established England even more than England the Church; to be proud of all these things is no insular pride which is inconsistent with a Catholic mind, but is an added joy to a Christian man's delight in his Christianity, and a Catholic churchman's pride in his Church, and a good man's belief in the kingdom of God, for it tells him that when the Holy Catholic Church in its sweep round the world added to its dominions the little island in the silver sea, it added a fruitful province to the kingdom of God, and placed another jewel in the Crown of CHRIST its King.

It becomes, then, to us Catholic Churchmen of the Church of England, reformed as we believe

## The Kingdom of God

according to the model of the primitive Church from which we sprung, a matter of the most urgent moment to ask the question, with such a history behind us, Are we losing our ancient power? If men cease to associate power with religion, is it the fault of the Church? Is the kingdom of God in England now only in word? And in answering that question, three preliminary cautions must be observed.

In the first place, if we imagine that at any given period of the Church's history everything looked smooth and easy and successful, we are making the greatest possible mistake; as one of our best writers has said, "in the history of the Church there never were any good old times." Even in our LORD's day "the light shined in the darkness," and all that could be said was that the darkness did not swallow it up. St. Paul, many a time and often, must have felt overwhelmed by his difficulties, left as he was, not once, but constantly, one against the world. In King Stephen's days in England men said, "CHRIST slept," and it has often seemed so for a time when days were dark. On no question more than on the progress of the Church must we hear, to quote a fine saying, "what the centuries have to say against the hours!"

Secondly, we must frankly admit that "no man may deliver his brother nor make agreement unto God for him; for it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever"—in other words, that there are limits to what any Church can do for individuals; even Christ could do no mighty work in certain places because of their unbelief, and of certain people He says, "They have both seen and hated both Me and My Father"; and it is as true as ever to-day that a Church has to be a faithful witness, "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear," and that Christ demands her work and faithfulness, and not her visible success.

And, thirdly, if we were wishing to answer an enemy in the gate, we might point to the extraordinary revival of the last fifty years—churches restored and beautified, missions held in all parts of the world, devotional services thronged during Lent, Good Friday and Ascension Day far better observed, and the Easter altars crowded with reverent communicants.

But our purpose is not, or should not be, self-gratulation; we must rather find out our weakness than boast of our strength; we have no sort of objection to revealing our weak points, if only

## The Kingdom of God

their discovery will make us stronger in the future; and the question is, Why, with an almost unexampled outpouring of self-sacrificing work, with thousands of priests toiling in slum parishes, and in far-away country districts, without hope of any earthly reward; with hundreds of devoted layworkers and mission women to back up their efforts; with a countless host of unpaid workers, Sunday-school teachers, visitors among the sick, young men who give their evenings to boys' clubs and Church lads' brigades—why are we not a greater power than we are?

And first, no doubt, from want of unity. We waste so much time striving after an impossible uniformity. What we want is unity. There will always be those to whom the most important thing in religion is the soul's relation to God; there will always be those whose chief inspiration is the conception of a great Church; there will always be those who prefer a simple service; there will always be those who love a rich ceremonial. Thank God, they can have both in the Church of their forefathers, for, like a wise steward, she can bring out of her treasures things new and old. No doubt there are limits to the possibility of divergence of ceremonial in one Church, but it is one of the

chief duties of a Bishop in an episcopal Church to regulate the ceremonial of his diocese, to say what is, and what is not, permissible in the branch of the Church which he rules; and in carrying out this responsible duty he is more helped by the power of intercession than by advice, however well intended, given often with imperfect knowledge of the facts.

But we need that spirit of unity, as opposed to uniformity, to permeate the Church more entirely if we are to rise to our full power. I have seen a rural deanery composed of men of every school of thought, yet undisturbed by party strife, each being ready to learn from those who dffeired from them, and moving forward as one man against the devil, the world, and the flesh; and the fact that this deanery was one of the poorest in East London, with probably a greater problem of poverty and sin and misery to face than any other deanery in the world, makes me believe that if, as a Church, we faced more bravely the real problems which we have to solve; if we reminded ourselves more frequently that we live to do something in the world and not to talk about it-in other words, that the kingdom of God is not to be in word, but in power; and if,

# The Kingdom of God

to use another grand expression of St. Paul's, we drank more into one spirit, then half our fancied difficulties would die away, and we should move forward as one man against the foe.

And, secondly, with a growing unity there would be formed also something the lack of which is our second weakness, and that is a more definite Church conscience. There are some in the political world who sneer at the Nonconformist conscience; we ought to honour the Nonconformist conscience, we ought to honour it even if its conclusions may not commend themselves to us as rightly made. But we must do more than honour, we must imitate. It may or may not be true that the Nonconformist conscience has left out certain considerations which we think ought to be weighed; if that be so, then in God's name let us weigh these considerations and have a Church conscience of our own upon the matter. For the members and prestige and history of the Church of England we ought to be able to speak with a force and decision on moral questions which should not only wake the world, but move the world; and if, as we try to do in London in the case of public morality, we unite hand in hand on such questions with Nonconformists, Roman and

Jew, it would be impossible for organised vice, trade monopoly, or class prejudice, to stand long against a kingdom of God come in power.

And, thirdly, there is no doubt that to a certain extent we are hampered by our great antiquity. Our roots are so far back in the history of our country, and have been so closely intermingled with the roots of the nation itself, that we are in danger of paying, unless we are careful, the penalty of our greatness. We need to remind ourselves that, however intimately joined together, the State is still the State and the Church the Church; that as a Church we have come into this world with a message from another, with ideals and standards and traditions which we have brought with us, and to which at all hazards we must be true.

There is nothing the least inconsistent between the recovery of a coherent voice as a Church through a Church Representative Council (of which the joint meeting of the two Houses of Convocation should be the preliminary step) and remaining the Established Church of this country. We know how completely the Established Church of Scotland manages itself, and yet remains established; but undoubtedly it is a source of weakness to a

# The Kingdom of God

Church, I will not say to be connected, but to be confounded, with a State; there is a perfectly true sense in which a Church must say, "Ye are of this world; I am not of this world"; and no thought of worldly advantage, and no fear of earthly loss must dim the determination of a Church at all costs to be true to its commission, and at all hazards to deliver its message to the world.

Then again no Church will keep its power which does not keep alive its missionary zeal. "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world "-that was our commission. But the promise of the Presence is contingent on the fulfilment of the order, and we have the secret of many a dead parish in England, and of many a weak ministry in the absence of missionary zeal. There is no "going into all the world"; why, there is even not an annual collection for missions in the parish, and therefore there is no full measure of the Presence of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, if we give of our best ungrudgingly to spread the Gospel, if the Church of St. Columba, St. Ninian and St. Augustine remembers that it was itself the result of a success-

ful foreign mission carried out with great self-sacrifice and danger, and persevered with through greater difficulties than beset us to-day even in Matabeleland or China, then the tide of the Spirit will return again upon us; the channel will again be cut which will connect us with the boundless ocean of the love of God, and a great strain of refreshing grace will flow back into our bosom.

For remember, the whole question comes at last back to the individual. The kingdom of God anywhere can only be in power if the individual members of that kingdom of God are all filled with power; and they cannot be filled with power unless they are filled with the Spirit of God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." I would venture to say to each individual Churchman: Are you emptying yourself that you may be filled with the Spirit? Are you seeking to be filled with that Spirst by union with Jesus Christ? Perhaps it is a brother clergyman who hears this. Are you finding your ministry cold and dead and uninteresting? Do you find yourself no longer a power in the pulpit to instruct or comfort? No longer a power in the sick-room to bind up the broken-hearted, or prepare the dying for death?

# The Kingdom of God

Then be sure you have drifted in some way from your moorings; you no longer with the old confidence look across the open sea for the coming of the tide; there has grown up some sand-bank between you and the tides of the Spirit. As you watch the incoming tide, pray to be shown what it is that is damming back the Spirit; fling away all that is checking your first love, and go back to your parish in the power of the Holy Ghost.

Or is it some lay member of the Church who, though duly baptized and confirmed, finds no enthusiasm in his heart, no keenness in working for Christ, who finds it difficult to be true to his principles in the office, or the factory, or society at large? To him the voice of the Church Congress says: "Stir up (into flame) the gift of God which is in you by the laying on of hands." "Stir it into flame"; it is all there if you will only use it - power to work, power to suffer, power to love. Let contact with others, the stir of a great multitude afire with a common purpose, above all, the secret pleading in the Holy Communion for a revival of the dying ember into a holy glow of love and zeal, send you back a better representative of the kingdom of power.

For be sure of this, there is a mighty future

99 H 2

before this Church of the Anglo-Saxon race. As Bishop Lightfoot said in the last sermon he ever preached at a Church Congress: "With an open Bible in one hand and a Catholic tradition in the other, she is marked out in a peculiar way to be an ensign to the nations." We talk sometimes of the work of the Church being finished. Why, it has, comparatively speaking, only just begun; but it can only be accomplished if every member of it is filled with the one Spirit, and then, as the member of a brave, united, living Church, helps it to discharge its duty to the world.

"Veni, Creator." Come, then, Thou Holy Spirit. That must be our prayer. Come from the four winds, Thou Breath, and breathe upon these bones, that they may live. And if under His influence we speak and listen, think and pray, we may go back to our work a mighty army, a kingdom of God, not in word, but in power.

#### VII

#### "THE THIN BLACK LINE"\*

ALWAYS try to fit in the message that I give you with the words that have been spoken to us, and the thoughts put before us, during the past two days. And I know that you thank God —that is the way to put it—you thank God with me for what has been said to us, and I know that you listened to the words as to a message from God. He has spoken to the souls of all here, and none of us will forget especially the address upon the glory of Gop. I shall take for granted that we mean to try and practise the lesson we were taught—that we ourselves are nothing, but that we must go, whether Bishops, priests, or deacons, among the people as those that serve. "I am among you as one that serveth." And therefore, just because we have

<sup>\*</sup> Charge delivered at Fulham Palace, to the candidates for ordination, on Saturday, October 1, 1904; reproduced from a much abridged report.

had that beautiful lesson of meekness, lowliness, and humility, put before us, let me give you this afternoon the complementary message, and that is —your priceless value to God.

I was this year going round some of my Continental chaplaincies, and I visited for the first time the field of Waterloo. As one pictured the scene of the battle again from the point of view from which one can see the whole field, one realises a little more what the historian meant by "the thin red line," which seemed such a feeble defence, and so incompetent to do all the work it was called upon to do. And yet it stood there on that field of Waterloo guarding the freedom of Europe, guarding the purity of the home life, guarding the innocence of the children and the hope of the future; and I pictured how, wave after wave, the attack was made in vain on "the thin red line," and realised why it was that it had become a proverb in the world.

Now, after an ordination, I watch the line of black figures leave the cathedral, and I picture them the next day standing at their posts among rich and poor. I am certain of this, that the angels wonder how so much can be expected of this thin black line. And therefore I want you

to think with me this afternoon of that bodyguard of Christ—first what it guards against, then what it guards, and then how it must be armed.

First, what does it guard against? We saw what the thin red line guarded against as charge after charge of Napoleon's best troops came against it. This thin black line of Christ's bodyguard -what does it stand between? Some of you will go among the rich, some among the poor, and one, at any rate, who has our special prayers, goes to stand in the army of CHRIST in India. I was reading in The East and the West, the other day-a magazine which all should study who are interested in foreign missions—a statement which I thought at first was an exaggeration, and, of course, in one sense it is an exaggeration. The writer said that young priests and deacons issuing from ordination stand between England and atheism. We must give due honour to the Nonconformist bodies, their weight and their worth in England; but, still, in a perfectly true sense, what was said there conveys a real truth -you stand, you, the thin black line, stand between England and unbelief. I have quoted elsewhere\* an article from one of our great daily

<sup>\*</sup> See pp. 30-33.

papers on the Church Congress. I will not for a moment say that many of its sentences are not exaggerated — but, still, it shows very clearly the kind of world into which the thin black line has to go, and in which it has to stand. And I am perfectly clear of this, that it stands between England and unbelief. I have myself had to stand Sunday after Sunday in the open air, practically the only one in that particular crowd who professed belief at all. On the secularist side was open unbelief, and scoffing at CHRIST and the Bible, while all round were men and boys joining in it, and what cut my heart most was to see the boys there. I stood alone amid a hostile crowd, not one of whom professed belief in a single word or the truths of the faith I preached. You may have to meet this, and you will certainly have to meet, also, the practical unbelief which we call indifference. I remember going to visit a boy once to prepare him for death, and, though very glad to see me, he made very little response to the words I spoke about religion. At first I thought he was shy, but on my second visit I asked him: "Don't you believe all that?" and he said: "Well, sir, I don't like to deceive you; I thought it might hurt your feelings, but I don't believe a word of it."

You must make up your minds, then, that you will have to meet an open or latent unbelief in the truth you are sent to teach, and it will rest largely with you, representing the thin black line in your district, whether that boy or that man will believe at all. You are, then, of the utmost importance in the battle going on between God and the devil. I remember that, when I persevered in explaining to that dying boy why we believed this and that, he looked up in my face and said: "Oh, Mr. Ingram! I should like to believe what you believe, but I cannot believe a word of it." "But," I said, "you don't mind my kneeling down and saying a prayer before you die." And so I prayed that the Heavenly FATHER would give him comfort and a blessing before he died. God knew that he had been brought up by a secularist father, and had never had a chance. And so there it is: so far as those boys are concerned in your district, whether or not they will believe will depend largely upon you. God will use you. You are the person who represents the army of GoD; you stand between those lads and unbelief. I was struck by a story told at the Conference yesterday, of a doubting man who was brought to a curate while his Vicar was away. The curate said: "I can't

argue with you: you must wait for the Vicar to return; but let us pray together." But by the time the Vicar returned the doubts had vanished in the light of the faith of the boy curate. Over and over again men have said to me that they have been made to believe in another world, not by argument, but by the unselfish life of a clergyman.

Then, secondly, the thin black line of the ministry stands between England and undenominationalism. By that I do not mean to say a word against those common truths of Christianity in which, thank God, all orthodox Nonconformists believe as firmly as we do. Mr. Gladstone, in words which we should all remember, said: "I bow my head before the great truths which all orthodox Christians believe." The doctrine of the Incarnation and the doctrine of the Trinity were the two great things he mentioned. But, for all that, we stand between England and a vague religion.

Newman, I think, said Christian Europe was largely Arian still, and I am certain you will be surprised by the amount of latent Unitarianism even among so-called Church people. We are to guard the nation against that. We who

believe in the holy Incarnation; we who believe in the Apostolic ministry; we who believe in the possibility of miracles; we who believe in sacramental grace stand between England and undenominationalism. It depends on us—on you, humanly speaking—whether in a hundred years' time England will still believe in the Incarnation. We see the priceless importance of the thin black line from this point of view. In your district, in your teaching, while you are tolerant of the beliefs of other people, "hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." "Oh, Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust,"

And then, again, you stand between England and a moral collapse which would be certain to follow the collapse of faith. I have spoken on other occasions of a book called "When it was Dark." The point in it that struck me was this: Six months after the belief became general in the world that the Resurrection did not take place—after a so-called discovery in Palestine, arranged to be discovered by the villains of the story, of an inscription as to where the LORD's body was buried, a sudden moral collapse took place in the world. The semi-sceptical secretary of

the Women's Organisation Society was herself horrified by the report that reached her of the way in which crime and violence against women increased in every part of the world, and by the fact that when men really thought that the women's Champion of the world was dead and gone for ever-in other words, that CHRIST was not alive —the morality of the world crumpled up. Now, although, of course, as in all books of that sort, the effect is highly coloured, yet I hold that the story contains a great truth. To what do we owe the moral tone of Europe to-day? To the fact that for nearly two thousand years Christianity has been believed in it. Once let dogma go-and remember dogma is another word for definite truth —and it is only a question of time before morality follows. You stand, then, between England and a moral collapse.

And if that is what you guard against, what do you guard? I may, perhaps, have exaggerated just now when I said that the thin red line guarded the freedom of Europe, which would have been endangered if Waterloo had been lost; but, still, if one exaggerated in any way the value of the thin red line, there is no exaggeration as to what you guard. You guard England's freedom. "Stand

fast in the liberty with which Christ hath made you free." Freedom from what? What freedom has a Christian?

First of all, freedom-from useless anxiety. When we are asked by working men and others. What do we get from our Christianity, what difference does it make? we reply first of all that we look up into the face of a loving FATHER, free from those horrible fears—especially from the fear of death which oppress men, "who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." There are people even to-day in that bondage. It is astonishing how some people in every rank of life spend their lifetime under the fear of death; and yet not astounding, for if death is the end no wonder they fear it: it robs them of life for ever. We ought to be free from all that. Death to us merely becomes the slave that takes off our working dress. We have freedom then from useless anxiety; we shall not be afraid of any evil tidings. And you guard this, not only for yourselves, but for others. If you get that poor woman to believe this, you bring her freedom; keep her in that belief, and you are the soldiers of the free guarding freedom for her. Some of your best encouragements will be to see the look of

peace on people's faces as you bring to them the truth which makes them free.

Then, again, you guard freedom, not from temptation-you will not be free from that yourselves-but freedom from terrible passion. You will find over and over again cases where some young man's evil nature is seeking to tyrannise over him, and you will find that, by bringing to him the Truth, you bring him freedom. Anyone really believing in Jesus Christ, and saying, when horrible thoughts come, "Jesus, help me; LORD, help me," will find a power given him which will set him free. You have, then, to bring to others freedom from terrible passion, and to guard that freedom for the world. Dr. Liddon in one of his books shows beautifully that Christianity was the first force found which could grapple with the worst passions of humanity.

And then freedom from public opinion. It is a pity that so many seem to be slaves of public opinion still. Of course there is a good side to it. It is not for any of us to flout public opinion, and say we do not care what people say. We must respect public opinion, and if public opinion is suspicious we cannot wholly disregard it. We must try to be above suspicion, but we must be

free from the tyranny of public opinion. You will find people in the world, not moved by Christian principles, who are slaves to it. They are much concerned as to whether they are in the fashion or whether they are popular. Now, you guard something which makes you perfectly free from that. And what wonderful peace it is to go quietly on, just looking up every day for the approval of our Master, and not caring whether you are praised or are making a sensation in the world; working on from day to day, not looking for the applause of men! Quietness and confidence should be your strength.

And then, secondly, you, the thin black line, not only guard freedom, but also the purity of home life. I often say to those who go forth from their ordination—I feel bound to say it from time to time—Do remember that you are on your honour. You are admitted to the homes of England as no other men in England are. But from time to time scandals occur. Now, see that none of you ever make it harder for your brothers to do their duty. One failure makes it more difficult for a thousand. Honour the boys and girls, honour the home secrets which may come to your knowledge. By your chivalry,

as honourable gentlemen and Christian knights, guard the purity of home life. Guard also the innocence of children. You will have a greal deal to do with children, very likely, in Bands of Hope, in Children's Guilds, or classes for Catechism. If you instil into them Christian principles, you fence round their innocence. I do not think that I have ever heard a more pathetic story than that told of a child who looked through one of those horrible mutoscopes—they are mostly put down now—and suddenly an awful shadow came over her face, and she went away, with all her brightness clouded, crying, because in that indecent picture she had seen something which had left a stain upon her innocence. Let us teach them at the opening of life the difference between true and false love.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done."

Shakespeare goes straight to the point when in those beautiful words he pictures the difference between true and false love.

And then, again, we guard in a true sense the hope of the future. I was rather struck the other

day by reading a pathetic book called "The Last Hope," by Mr. Merriman, who has lately died, in which there is a picture of the careful guarding of the Dauphin, because he was the hope of the future—the last hope. And when you are discouraged in your work remember this: you are making it easier for the next generation. Those men, for instance, whom you only bring so far as the workmen's clubs will not be so prejudiced against religion as they would be if they had had no Christian influence brought to bear upon them at all. Their children will be sent to the Sundayschool. You are guarding the only hope of the future behind the thin black line. When the good man ceases trying, the world drops back like lead

These things, then, are what you guard against, and these things are what you guard. Let my last few words be as to how you are to be armed. You stand there with all this responsibility, with so much depending on you; how are you to be armed? As you make your meditation to-night, one of the simplest possible passages to meditate upon—and, if you are not accustomed to meditation, this is a very good one to start upon—is the last chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. It is very

113

I

familiar, and I need only mention three or four points of the armour.

First of all, as you stand in the thin black line and guard all these things, you must have the shield of faith. Nothing suits the devil so much as beating down the young warrior's shield of faith. If the fiery darts come, keep up the shield of faith; and it will not be only for yourself, but when you get into a district you will find that people will come and creep under your shield. They will say, "I like Mr. So-and-so; he believes in God and in Christ. I must try and believe too." And you must not mind them coming under your shield until they have one of their own. But they cannot come under your shield unless you hold it up, and the first way to keep it up is by meditation on the New Testament. Christ is alive to-day. "Christ and His Times," by Archbishop Benson, does not refer to two thousand years ago; it means today. I am sometimes surprised to see the poorness of the Christian evidence papers. You must know why you believe; you must ask yourself why you believe in the Incarnation and the Resurrection. You must strengthen your knowledge by reading. Such books as "In

Relief of Doubt" are very useful to lend to others, or Godet's "Defence of the Faith"; and you must pray, and then look for the answer. I went through many doubts and difficulties before I was ordained, but I must say that after twenty years, in spite of all my difficulties and shortcomings, I believe twenty times as strongly as I did twenty years ago. If we can see the LORD working with us, and confirming the word with signs following, we get a testimony that no one can possibly break down. When you pray to God and see the answers, when you see Christ, in answer to prayer, cut the chain that binds the poor soul, then the shield of faith becomes stronger on the left arm while we fight with the right.

And, then, arm yourselves with the belmet o bope. While King Henry of Navarre was seen on his prancing charger, with his white plume on his head, superintending the fight, there was hope; and wherever you go, carrying hope with you, you will spur on the workers. Have hope; make the people feel, as was said to us this morning, that you trust them; and take for your own motto the words which I have found very useful myself, whatever happens: "Look straight into the

115

12

light, and you will always have the shadows behind."

Take also the breastplate of righteousness. My dear brothers, I cannot press this on you too much. Watch over your own thoughts, lives, and characters; the devil tries to get through the breastplate somehow. It is often the things that look innocent which you must suspect. I was telling the volunteers in the summer the old story of the man who was ordered to his post as sentinel after three sentinels had been killed one after another in the same spot. All seemed quite safe, no one in sight, and only a black sow feeding in the distance. Suddenly he seized his rifle and sent a bullet through that innocent black sow. By his vigilance he had seen the Indian concealed beneath the skin of the animal; it was no innocent black sow, but a deadly enemy.

And, lastly, offer prayer and supplication. I have opposite my writing-table a picture of Sir Galahad, clothed in breastplate and armour, with his face upraised in prayer.

Pray for yourselves, and pray for others; you are the watchmen on the walls who are to take no rest, and give Him no rest till He establish and until He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

So, dear brothers, go forward in that thin black line on which so much depends. Keep that which is entrusted to your care, and remember that as you stand there, with the shield of faith, and the helmet of hope, and the breastplate of righteousness, and with your young faces turned up in prayer, you are a great force, guarding a treasure not only for to-day, but for generations yet unborn.



# The Nation



#### VIII

#### THE BLESSING OF PEACE\*

"The blessing of peace."-Ps. xxix. 10.

THERE is need of no long explanation to account for this mighty concourse in St. Paul's Cathedral, the prototype and representative, as it is, of countless other crowded congregations in Church and Chapel throughout the Empire. And he who has to voice the feeling of a great multitude throbbing with one emotion, intent on one idea, had best voice it in the simplest words. "The blessing of peace" is the old refrain of one of the most passionate songs of gratitude ever written; "the blessing of peace" is the one thought which fills every heart to-day. "Thank God! what a blessing!" fell unconsciously from every lip last Sunday, when we heard the news of peace;

<sup>\*</sup> Preached at the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral at the conclusion of the South African War.

#### The Nation

we meet here consciously and deliberately, to say over again the same words to-day.

And, to realise fully the blessing of peace, we must recall to our minds the dark days of two years ago. It was with firm lips and dry eyes, and a pregnant silence which surprised the world, that we met them; but, on looking back, who can forget the darkness of them; who can forget that silent buying of the daily papers, edition after edition; who can forget the lines of brave English women, saying nothing, who crept daily to the War Office; who can forget the lists of killed and wounded, and the rows of photographs in the illustrated papers of so many, still looking little more than boys, who had passed away?

- "Oh, bitter wind towards the sunset blowing, What of the dales to-night? In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing, What ring of festal light?
- "In the great window, as the day was dwindling,
  I saw an old man stand;
  His head was proudly held, and his eye kindling,
  But the list shook in his hand.
- "Oh, wind of twilight, was there no word uttered, No sound of joy or wail?
  - 'A great fight and a good death,' he muttered;
    'Trust him, he would not fail.'

# The Blessing of Peace

"What of the chamber dark where she was lying For whom all life is done? Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying, 'My son, my little son.'"

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Yes, it is when we recall all that war means to both sides, and to all classes, that while the great hall is desolated, the little cottage mourns quite as truly the lad sent out from the country village or the crowded town, as he lies dead on the veldt

> "With a fleck of blood on his pallid lip, And a film of white on his eye,"

and that the Boer mother quite as truly cries, "My son, my little son"; then it is by contrast we understand what we mean when we look in one another's faces to-day, and cry, "The blessing of peace, the blessing of peace, the blessing of peace!"

And it is not merely a passing emotion. The more we turn it over in our minds the clearer we become that it is indeed a blessing to all concerned.

It is, first, a blessing to our King and Queen. In any case, we should have been prepared to do our best joyfully to celebrate their Coronation, but to all, and not least to them, there would have been the feeling that there was one thing wanting

#### The Nation

to complete the happiness of the Coronation; if brave soldiers were still facing hardships for them, if homes were still anxious throughout the land, though we should have said little about it, we should have all felt that it spoilt the completeness of the rejoicing, and that there was one blessing at any rate left to be desired, and that is the blessing for which we have come here to give thanks this morning—the blessing of peace. Now the Coronation preparations will go forward with new heart, and the day itself will be a day of unmixed gladness; for the crown which will be placed upon their brows will be the crown of an Empire at one within its borders, and the sceptre that will be placed within their hands the sceptre of righteousness and peace.

And as to the King and Queen, so it is a blessing to the country. No nation, however rich, can go on spending even financially so many millions a month without suffering at last, and of the drain on our resources money was the least.

It is true, and we must never forget it, that we have received in this war priceless lessons. We have received a unique experience of warfare under most difficult conditions. We have undergone a testing and a purifying of the national character.

# The Blessing of Peace

And, above all, our Colonies have been welded into a union with the Mother Country which nothing shall break. Yet, on the other hand, we certainly needed just now, not only for the development of the material side, but for the accomplishment of the noblest side of Empire, for the building up of the character of the peoples committed to our charge, what by God's mercy we have at last obtained—the blessing of peace.

And if it is obviously a blessing to ourselves, is it a piece of unworthy cant to say we believe it is a blessing also to our gallant foes? Often in the course of the many intercession services we have had in this Cathedral, and in other places, for the success of our arms, we have been met by the question, "Why should your prayers be heard rather than the prayers of the other side? They are praying with equal confidence to the same God in the name of the same Jesus Christ for the success of their arms." Our answer then was precisely the same as it is to-day: we were appealing, we said, to the God of Judgment, by Whom actions are weighed; we only prayed then, if we prayed as Christians, that, if it was His will, we might succeed; we believed then, as we believe now, that there is only one "best" for both sides,

#### The Nation

and that therefore, to the highest wisdom, we were both praying for the same thing, and that, even if our words did not take this form, our thoughts spoke in the words of this very Psalm, "The Lord sitteth above the waterflood, and the Lord remaineth a King for ever." And for that reason we went on with confidence to say, "The Lord shall give strength unto His people, the Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace." There is no inconsistency therefore in believing that the prayers of both nations are answered in this gift of peace.

And, sinking all thoughts now of enmity or revenge, we shall welcome as fellow-subjects of our Empire, as those likely in the future to help us to build up a prosperous South Africa, as those who, sharing the religion of Christ, should help us to spread there the kingdom of God, the very men who have been our foes so long.

And, if it is a blessing to both nations, it is a blessing to the brave soldiers who have fought and bled, and marched and counter-marched, and watched night after night. They have received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, but we must thank God for them to-day; we must thank God for their courage, their perseverance, their

# The Blessing of Peace

cheerfulness, their unselfishness, their self-control; we must thank GoD that now, at last, their labours are ended, and the prize of their toil is the blessing of peace.

And, if to those who will come home alive and well, or go back with honour to the Colonies from which they came, peace is a blessing, so is it to those who with sad faces and aching hearts will see in the returning legions the vacant places of those who will return no more: there is a blessing in the peace for them, for it tells them that their dear ones did not die in vain.

"I will appeal," said Mr. Ruskin at the end of the Crimean War—"I will appeal to the testimony of those whom the war has cost the dearest; I ask their witness to whom war has changed the aspect of the earth and the imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed in a moment under the seals of clay, those who can never more see the sun rise, nor watch the climbing light gild the eastern clouds, without thinking of the graves it has gilded first, far down behind the dark earth-line, who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava—ask their witness.

#### The Nation

and see if they will not reply that it is well with them, and with theirs, that they would have it no otherwise, would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England." Would the witness of those whose hearts are buried beneath the little crosses in South Africa be a different witness to-day?

The blessing of peace, then, we acknowledge in our prayers. We turn to God and thank Him in our Te Deum, and when we celebrate presently our solemn Eucharist. In God's name let us keep the blessing as those who believe they have received it from God Himself; let us mar it by no excess, either now or on the return of our victorious troops, and not forget in the softer days of peace the lessons we have been taught in the stern school of war.

In a letter received from the front only last week these words occur: "It is a splendid experience that everyone is gaining, learning more and more of the things that are real, and the things that matter in life, acquiring from the bracing effects of meeting discomfort and danger something of self-control, and endurance, and

# The Blessing of Peace

patience and cheerfulness that should always remain with them."

May they always remain with us, and may the lessons wrought in the very fibre of the nation's character by the discipline of war be deepened and not blunted, by the blessing of peace.

129

### IX

### "JOY AFTER HEAVINESS"\*

"Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy; Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness. Therefore shall every good man sing of Thy praise without ceasing; O my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever."—Ps. xxx. 12, 13.

THERE is one predominant feeling which is animating the whole nation at the present time, and that is a feeling of intense relief. One can almost hear a deep sigh of relief rise through the mighty Empire from end to end; the King is crowned; with all the old solemnities, Litany and sermon necessarily excepted, with the historic rites used in our national ceremonial for hundreds of years, our King is anointed, girded, vested, crowned; all gloomy prophecies, all foolish omens, have fled away like bats before the sunlight; and King and Queen are crowned together, as we hope

<sup>\*</sup> Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Sunday after the Coronation of King Edward VII.

# "Joy after Heaviness"

and believe, for a long life of happy and fruitful service to the nation which they love so well.

And, if that is the first feeling, the second is a personal one, a warm admiration for the cool courage of both King and Queen under a great trial. The King, in his touching message to his people on Friday, does not hide the facts in any way. He was in danger of his life, and that within a few days of what was to have been the crowning moment of that life; and yet through it all he has displayed a quiet courage and an unselfish care for his people which has warmed the hearts of thousands to him, and given a personal feeling towards him and his Queen which, perhaps, is only possible when hearts are drawn together by a common trouble, and then rejoice together with a common joy.

It has often been pointed out that we love those whom we help in trouble even more than those who help us, and the consciousness that our King and Queen needed our sympathy and prayers has drawn out a love and devotion throughout the nation which by itself has made more than worth while the postponement of the Coronation.

But, strong and vivid as those feelings are, we should indeed be guilty of ingratitude if this

131

was all; the King has not stopped there himself for a moment. "The prayers of my people for my recovery were heard, and I now offer my deepest gratitude to Divine Providence for having preserved my life and given me strength to fulfil the important duties which devolve upon me as the Sovereign of this great Empire"—in other words, the third sentiment, deeper even than the others, and underlying them, must be a feeling of heartfelt gratitude to God Himself.

But to have it and mean it and adequately express it in praise and thanksgiving three things are essential: (1) First, an honest belief in a real, personal God, some One whom we can address as "Thou," Who is ever ruling, willing, and directing, "Whose never-failing providence," to use the words of one of our most beautiful collects, "ordereth all things both in heaven and earth"; Who never lets the world or the affairs of the world slip out of His hands; Who, while He has created beings of free will and for their good rules by law, has never parted with His own freedom of action, and is ever working on towards a far-off purpose which is the best good possible for all mankind.

That is the first thing to believe; otherwise

# "Joy after Heaviness"

it is unreal to hold a service of thanksgiving; it is unreal to say, "Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy; Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness." But, granted that we believe it—and if these Jews of old believed it, how much more certainly should we Christians of to-day believe it!—then it is with the utmost reality we can say, "Even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters . . . even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until He have mercy upon us."

(2) Then, again, if we are to have a national thanksgiving, we must believe in God's love and care for nations as well as individuals, and this, again, is no new belief. "When Israel was a child, then I loved him and called My son out of Egypt" was spoken first of a nation before it found a further fulfilment in a Person, and it is, therefore, no new or strange thing which we are asked to believe when we are told that He does choose, discipline, and use, nations to work out His great purposes for the world, and that such a nation is our own.

Discipline is a mark of love, and it is a truth for all time that "Whom the LORD loveth He chasteneth," and it well may be that we our-

selves were in danger of mistaking vocation for favouritism, and looking upon what was a stewardship for the world as a prize to be used to enrich and glorify ourselves.

If so, what a lesson we have had that God is no more a respecter of nations than He is of persons, and that out of a pure desire to make us better, and keep us humble instruments in His hands for the good of the world, He has troubled us and then helped us, and would send us now out to our work for the world in a spirit of humble gratitude. If so, then this is precisely the process that is described in this Psalm: "In my prosperity I said, I shall never be removed: Thou, LORD, of Thy goodness hast made my hill so strong. Thou didst turn Thy face from me and I was troubled. Then cried I unto Thee, O LORD, and gat me to my Lord right humbly. . . . Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy . . . therefore shall every good man sing of Thy praise without ceasing: O my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever."

(3) But there is a third condition which is also essential if our thanksgiving to-day is to have the ring of true gratitude for an unexpectedly great mercy, and that is a belief that God does hear and answer prayer.

# "Joy after Heaviness"

It is useless to deny that many difficulties may be theoretically raised to the possibility of God's will being affected by the prayer of man; but on the other hand, if there is one thing clearly revealed about God, it is that He is a God that hears prayer: "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

We can understand it partly from what we see take place on earth. Response is essential even to the success of our efforts to help one another. Many a kind-hearted employer in the City has failed to bring on some young man in his office because there was no response to his well-meaning efforts. "He could do no mighty work" with him because of his want of confidence in his master, his want of care and want of effort. And so the possibility must ever remain as a perpetual warning both to individuals and nations that God can do no mighty work with them because of their unbelief, whereas if they offer to Him a prayerful response, if they begin to look at the world from His point of view, if they ask in Christ's name, because Christ's honour is their honour, and CHRIST's interests their interests, then there is nothing God cannot give them and do with them; they approach towards the glorious ideal depicted

in the words "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."

Now, if this is so, it is clear that we should offer our thanksgiving with the liveliest gratitude to-day. It is very seldom that so swift an answer has been sent to a nation's prayer. Six weeks ago our King in danger of his life, and undergoing a severe operation; to-day restored to health, taking, with a clear, firm voice, his part in the Coronation service-anointed, crowned. Either let us frankly admit that we meant nothing by our penitence and prayers, or let us joyfully acknowledge, in a refrain none too strong to express our gratitude, if it is genuine-"Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy: Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; therefore shall every good man sing of Thy praise without ceasing. O my Gon, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever."

But, while we offer this thanks with all the fervour and devotion which we can, there is one common form of ingratitude from which we must ask God to save us, and that is the ingratitude of the people who, grateful enough to-day, subsequently forget what God has done.

It would seem sometimes almost incredible that

# "Joy after Heaviness"

in the Gospel story, out of ten lepers who were cleansed, nine should have given no thanks at all, if the explanation was not in all probability revealed in the three words which described their cure, "as they went, they were cleansed"; the relief stole gradually upon them; the First Cause was hidden by the secondary causes; they persuaded themselves that nothing exceptional had been done, they forgot their humble prayer to Christ, and failed to recognise in their cure the answer they received.

"Lest we forget, lest we forget"—the words were rung in our ears once before when the pageant of the Diamond Jubilee had passed before our eyes; "lest we forget, lest we forget!" is once again the solemn warning as our litanies turn again into anthems and our prayers become praise.

Nothing is so contemptible in ordinary life as the invalid who turns to God in sickness, makes good resolutions, thanks God for his recovery, and then forgets both his resolutions and his recovery in the days of health. So nothing is so contemptible as the nation which humbles itself before God, receives tokens of His mercy, and then forgets Him when the danger is past. We

do well to honour the skilful and devoted men whose experience and care, humanly speaking, saved their King; we do ill to ignore the hand of God Who used their skill to answer our prayers.

For, indeed, what a glorious picture it is which opens out to-day of a grateful King and grateful people going forth together from a common trouble, carrying with them for their new life together the very lessons they have learnt in their six weeks of anxiety and pain! To go forth together with a new belief in God, with a sense of what Gon expects from both King and people from the discipline He has bestowed upon them, with a clearer apprehension of the power of prayer, and with a keen resolve to help one another to love God more and serve Him better-that would be a gain to both so permanently great that no petty loss of money or waste of decorations or postponed holidays could weigh against it for a single moment; that, please God, may be, and if we respond to His will shall be, the gift of God to the Empire of all the Britains in the year when He crowned before all the world her Emperor and King.

### "TWICE SAVED"\*

"God spake once, and twice I have also heard the same, that power belongeth unto God, and that Thou, Lord, art merciful,"—Ps. lxii, 11, 12.

T is a trial to the nerves of the bravest to be even once face to face with death.

" Fear Death "-

cries the poet,

"to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place;
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form—
Yet the strong man must go."

And it is all the greater trial when it means for a man leaving behind many whom he loves on earth; never again on earth to see the wife, the

<sup>\*</sup> Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, October 26, 1902, at the Thanksgiving Service for the King's Recovery.

son, the daughter that he loves; to give the last grasp of the hand to the friend who has been his friend for years; never to breathe again "the sweet air, gladdened by the sun"; but, worse still, to see the light in the eyes of those that love him, powerless to warm his fainting spirit or bring it back to life. This it is to be face to face with death; and once to have been like this, and then to have had the power of the night lighten, the press of the storm slacken, the arch fear in a visible form gradually retreat, and the life flow again through the veins, and the sunlight play again about the room, and the faces of friends brighten, and shine down on him again, and the old familiar sounds permitted again around him, instead of the forced whisper--this is an experience which, if it only happened once, should leave a mark upon a man all the days of his life.

But to have it happen twice; twice to have been face to face with death; twice to have seen the light almost disappear and then return; twice to walk up this great Cathedral to give solemn thanks for a life a second time given back—that is an experience granted to very few even in life's varied story, and yet such, as we all know, has been the experience of him whom we call in

## "Twice saved"

the stately language of the Prayer-Book "our Sovereign Lord, the King."

Some of us were boys in 1871; the long tension of that lingering illness is remembered only as a depression which settled down upon the nation when it seemed almost certain that the heir to the throne would be snatched away by death; but to some here, and not least to the chief actors in it, the whole of that anxious time, and the Thanksgiving Service which followed, must be very clearly present in their minds to-day, and, to all of us, the succession of sudden anxiety, acute fear, reviving hope, and, finally, inexpressible relief during the last few months will remain one of the most vivid experiences of our lives.

Who, if they were present in Westminster Abbey at the time, will ever forget the litany we chanted as we knelt just where we were when the news first came, three minutes after the notes of the Coronation anthem, which was being practised, had died away? Who will forget the long-drawn cadence of the litany which we sang in procession in this Cathedral on what was to have been the Coronation Day? Who will forget the relief when the Coronation became possible and was safely carried out? Did we not say over

again in this very place, the day after, the words of the Psalmist:

"Thou hast turned my heaviness into joy:

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

Therefore shall every good man sing of Thy praise without ceasing.

O my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever?"

But we are assembled here to-day for our deliberate, our measured thanksgiving, according to the custom of the Church, with the presence of him for whose sake we give thanks, and our thoughts could scarcely frame themselves into more appropriate words than the words of the sixty-second Psalm. "God spake once"—when His word of power was spoken thirty years ago in answer to a nation's prayer—"and twice I have also heard the same, that power belongeth unto God, and that Thou, Lord, art merciful."

We are met, then, first to thank, to look beyond secondary causes to the First Cause. We do not ignore the instruments God used; we honour, if possible, with an ever fresh honour, the noble lady who was constantly by the patient's side. We thank, again, the surgeons and physicians, whose untiring skill and care were of so great avail, and the nurses who were so faithful in their service.

## "Twice saved"

But we should not come here to do that: we come here to honour God; we come here to look up into the face of the All-Sovereign Lord of the Universe, King of kings and Lord of lords, whose word is power; and we thank Him that not only thirty years ago did He speak once, but that now in our own day and generation twice has He spoken the word, without which all skill and all nursing is unavailing, and for two exhibitions of it in one life we acknowledge that "power belongeth unto God, and that Thou, Lord, art merciful."

What, then, are we to say of this twice-saved life? What should we say of an ordinary life which was twice saved from death? We should say it was saved for a purpose, for a purpose of God; that God had some plan for that life of special service and usefulness and strength. And is there any difference in what we are to say because it is the life of a king? Surely not; the argument is all the stronger; the life of a king must have been saved twice for kingly service, for a more perfect fulfilling of the famous motto, *Ich Dien* (I serve); for the stability of a nation's life, for the greater happiness and prosperity of his subjects.

We know full well that such thoughts as these are in the mind and heart of our Sovereign himself; we have not forgotten the words of the royal message of August 8: "The prayers of my people for my recovery were heard; and I now offer my deepest gratitude to Divine Providence for having preserved my life and given me strength to fulfil the important duties which devolve on me as the Sovereign of this great Empire."

It is not for us to enlarge upon, and spoil by amplification, that simple and manly ascription of power unto God; we can almost hear underlying it the very words of the Psalmist: "God spake once, and twice I have heard the same, that power belongeth unto God."

But, for ourselves, we must do more: we, the clergy, the peers, the commons of this realm, must cherish this life, twice saved, twice healed, twice restored; we must be a people whom it uplifts a King to lead; we must uphold him as he leads us with our prayers; the so-called State prayers must be uttered with new earnestness and fresh meaning; the God who has spoken so plainly twice, and shown this power, must be a greater factor in our own lives, and the belief in Him

### "Twice saved"

handed down to generations yet unborn; then, and then only, will our thanksgiving to-day be worthy of a Christian nation; then, and then only, shall the gratitude we offer bear some proportion to the mercy. He has shown.

L

### XI

#### FAREWELL TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL\*

"The LORD hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice."—Ps. cxxvi. 4.

IN 1552, three hundred and fifty years ago, the then Bishop of London was preaching before King Edward VI., and I have written down out of a most interesting history just compiled by the Rector of Christ Church, Newgate Street, this description, in quaint language, of the Bishop's sermon: "He made before the King a godly exhortation to the rich to be mindful of the poor, and also moved such as are in authority to travail (work) by some way or means to comfort and relieve them. The King's majesty" (we read) "much commended him for his exhortation. 'I

<sup>\*</sup> Preached in Christ Church, Newgate Street, at the last service at which the Christ's Hospital boys were present before the school was transferred to Horsham. The version here used is based upon a report kindly furnished by *The Ghristian World Pulpit*.

## Farewell to Christ's Hospital

think,' he said, 'you mean me, for I am in highest place, and truly, my lord, I am before all things most willing to travail that way." But they could do nothing in those days, as in these, without the co-operation of the City. So the Bishop sent for the Lord Mayor of the time, and the outcome of their discussion, still keeping to the language of the old deed, was "that the House of Grey Friars must become a hospital for fatherless children and other poor men's children, who would thereby receive food, clothing, lodging, and learning, with officers to attend upon them." And it was thus, by the cooperation of the King, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Bishop of London, that Christ's Hospital was started; and I expect that little did they think in that day it would become one of the most famous public schools of England. And so the last public service at Christ's Hospital in London is of a very historic kind. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and representatives of the City of London have come to represent and to show their interest in the work of their predecessors in office three hundred and fifty years ago. I have come myself, as Bishop of London, to represent my predecessor, Bishop Ridley, whose sermon

147

L 2

it was three hundred and fifty years ago that helped to start Christ's Hospital; and I could have wished that we had approached in time our own King Edward VII., who would doubtless have been pleased to have been here had his engagements allowed; and thus we should have had present representatives of all those who over three centuries ago co-operated to originate this institution: and they would have been fitly present at the closing public service of Christ's Hospital in London before it leaves for its new building in the country.

As we think over those three hundred and fifty years our first feeling on behalf of the Church and of the City is, naturally, one of regret. Every driver of an omnibus in London, every workman as he goes to his work, knows what he calls, with loving familiarity, the Bluecoat boy. We, as we pass along the City, love, and have done so for years, to look in and see them at their play, on the other side of the railings Those who have their business in the City have for centuries regarded this school as a reservoir from which they could draw dependable lads for their offices and for their work; and, thank Gop! that connection will not be broken by the departure to the country. As Bishop of London I shall miss the

# Farewell to Christ's Hospital

deeply-interesting Confirmation in this church, such as we had a few days ago. Therefore it is not a matter of surprise that our first feeling should be one of regret. We regret the departure as we should regret a fresh stream which had been running through our City and had dried up.

But while our first feeling is one of natural regret to lose the school, it is not our deepest feeling. Our deepest feeling is one of great thankfulness for what God has allowed Christ's Hospital to do and to be to the City of London and to the country at large. In the first place we owe it to this great school that it has kept alive—and the beautiful old dress is only typical of the idea - the combination of high thinking and plain living which is the very bottom of the prosperity and the strength of this country. We live in more or less luxurious days -days that see creeping over us in many ways a love of comforts which was foreign to the spirit of our ancestors; we see a great danger of materialism spreading over the country, and it is a grand thing to have had a school for three hundred and fifty years in our midst which has witnessed to the other principle, and that is that the

greatness of the country has been built up upon selfsacrifice, self-discipline, and by people who were content with plain and simple ways of life, who combined high thinking and high aspirations with plain living, who "scorned delights and lived laborious days." That idea has been revived in the young foundation at which I myself was brought up, Marlborough College, and also in Keble College, Oxford; but Christ's Hospital has kept the tradition alive in England for three hundred and fifty years, and we are grateful for it. What will be the future of the old dress we have at present no notion, and we have no voice in the decision, but we do pray that the tradition and the principle which that dress typifies shall pass into the new history of the school, and that the school may still keep alive in England the old ideal and the old tradition for which it has stood for so long.

Then, secondly, we are grateful to the school for the great men whom it has sent out into the world. How many Old Blues are there now gallantly fighting for their country in South Africa! How many in the past have laid down their lives for their country—men like Louis Cavagnari, and others! How many are there

## Farewell to Christ's Hospital

who are famous teachers themselves who have been taught at this school! The names of Haig-Brown and of Bell rise to our memories as two examples only of famous headmasters who have been produced by this school. How many City fathers, who have been a credit and honour to the City when they grew up, have been taught and educated there; and can we pick out in this connection a better name than that of Frederick Cox, who for many long years worked and toiled in this City, and loved this school where he was educated. Time would fail me to tell of the lessknown men whom this school produced and sent out to be a credit to Church and State. We pray in the bidding prayer that in the old seminaries of learning there may never be a failure of useful men for Church and State. Certainly this school has answered and responded to that prayer, and has poured out, generation after generation, men who have been a credit and a help to both Church and State.

And then, thirdly, when we look into its history, we are thankful to know that from the beginning this has been a place of definitely religious education, where religion—and here is a point which concerns so much modern contro-

versy—is not only taught as literature or as history, but as religion; and we cannot but assign that useful part which the school has played in the history of England to the fact that the characters of the lads here have been formed by definitely religious teaching, ever since the school was founded three hundred and fifty years ago, and that its morality has been based throughout on religion. Therefore, when we think of these things-we who represent the founders - and when we trace the school's noble history, we cannot but say with the Psalmist, "The LORD hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice." And we thank Him whose arm has been round this school, and whose hand has guided it. We thank Him for what He has done already through Christ's Hospital.

There is, we feel, a future before this school, and a great future. "The Lord hath done great things for us already," but it may be nothing to what He is going to do in the future. What He will do in the future largely depends on the boye themselves. When I think over what permanent elements there must be in the school as it grows into its future history—permanent elements which are essential to make it continue to be great and grow greater—the first, of course, is that it should

## Farewell to Christ's Hospital

be a place of good teaching. Many old Blues are grateful—and it has been recorded in the history to which I have referred—for the excellent teaching of the present headmaster of the school; it is said to have been quite a lesson in itself to have been in Dr. Lee's schoolroom. We must also recognise the excellence of the staff he has gathered round him; I think we should indeed be ungrateful if we did not accord our thanks to them.

Those who know, as I have known for years, the new headmaster of Christ's Hospital, will know that he is well fitted to carry on the high traditions of the school as a great place of teaching; but the boys must co-operate with him. They must make the standard of a Grecian as high as possible. They must keep up the old record of honours at the Universities, and make everyone know that when he is sending a boy to Christ's Hospital he is sending him to a place where they have the best education that can be obtained at all. Secondly, they must have in their new history a moral tone throughout the school. I think it a very splendid record that during those three hundred and fifty years, as far as I know, there has never been a moral scandal connected with

Christ's Hospital, although the school has been living so long in the blaze of day. All who know the history of the school during the last few years know what a healthy and manly element the present warden has been as he lived among the boys. And as the boys go into a new building, into a place possibly of greater freedom, with new surroundings and new temptations, I do charge them to keep up that splendid character which the school has so long held. It depends largely upon the elder boys to create a public opinion in the school itself, which puts down, without waiting for the masters, all that is degrading and lowering to the life of boys, which, like a fresh breeze perpetually blowing through the school, keeps everything fresh, true, and manly. Without that the school cannot maintain its old traditions and name. So the honour of the school is in its own hands. They must not let the City, they must not let the Church of London, feel less proud of Christ's Hospital than they do to-day.

Then, thirdly, as the spring and centre of the moral tone, we want a sincere belief in religion; we want praying boys — not sanctimonious or priggish boys, but boys to whom prayer is a reality, who believe that when they kneel down

# Farewell to Christ's Hospital

in the morning, before the work of the day's task, there is a holy Divine Being listening to them, waiting to hear their voice, and who, when He does not hear it, misses it. The future school must be a praying school—a school that believes in Jesus Christ.

It is a happy and generous idea, which will, I hope, be carried out by the Rector of this church, that one of the fine old chalices which Christ's Hospital has used for three hundred and fifty years in the service of the Holy Communion, should accompany the school for use in the new chapel, thus supplying the most touching connection between the new life and the old.

Then, again, in the new school the boys must cultivate the belief in a Divine society—the belief that religion is not a selfish thing, meant only for ourselves, but that what we receive we must pass on. Let them retain an interest in their school mission in the slums, and all the more because they themseves go into the beautiful Sussex country.

In the name, then, of the Church of London, speaking also for the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, and for all who are interested in the school, we wish you farewell and God-speed.

We shall not forget you when you have gone. May the God who has guided you so far guide you in your unknown future, and may the Hospital of Christ—most beautiful of names!—continue to teach and train up many brave and Christian young Englishmen for generations that are yet unborn.

The Individual



#### XII

#### CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD\*

"The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." - GAL. vi. 14.

I T makes a great difference to us in ordinary life when we hear a saying to know who said it. Some things which would make little impression upon us from the lips of one man make a great impression from the lips of another. And there are several reasons which make even this great saying have still greater weight, because it is uttered by the lips of St. Paul. St. Paul was such a human man. In one sense, and a true sense, he loved the world. We cannot read those letters that have come down to us from him without seeing that; and we may say, in passing, what an excitement would have been caused to-day if those old letters of a contemporary of Jesus Christ should have

<sup>\*</sup> Preached in the Chapel Royal, Lent, 1904.

### The Individual

been discovered for the first time by the Palestine Exploration Fund. We cannot read those letters without seeing what an affectionate heart St. Paul had, and how he followed his friends with loving solicitude even when he did not see them. He was a human man. He was a patriot. He would have entered entirely into all the questions which have stirred so many in England of late years. He belonged to a vast empire. "I am a citizen of no mean city," he says. He was proud to be a Roman citizen. "I was free born." He thoroughly entered into all the feelings which we call feelings of patriotism, which mean so much to all of us,

Again, St. Paul, with all his ill-health, loved life. He was quite ready to depart from it—"to depart and be with Christ, which is far better"—but he understood what the Psalmist meant when he said, "He that would love life and see good days." Like every man of strong vitality, he loved being alive; and therefore it is because of those things that we listen with all the more attention when St. Paul, of all men, says, "The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." It is clear that, although St. Paul, in the true sense and the right sense, was a man of the world, there

# Crucifixion to the World

was to him a world to which he was absolutely crucified.

What was the world to which he was crucified? His own world. That is the very reason which makes it so difficult, as we shall see, to be crucified to the world. Every man has his own world, and St. Paul was crucified to his own world.

He was crucified, first of all, to the world of old friends and to that career which seemed so promising, and which he forsook when he heard the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" These things put at first a constant pressure upon him. All the friends who believed in him as a boy, and watched his promising career, were now utterly disappointed in him. He could not get back to this world. No doubt it had attractions for him, but he could not get back to it without turning his back upon the Cross. That old world in which he had taken such a prominent part was crucified to him, and he was crucified to that world.

So, again, he was crucified to the world of merely intellectual culture. We must never forget that he was a man of extraordinary ability, and that what he had been led to believe mortified his intellect in its most tender parts. He was born a

161

м

### The Individual

Jew, and he had Jewish ideals before his mind, and to him, as a Jew, it was gall and wormwood to believe in Jesus Christ and the Cross; and to him, as one born a Jew and educated with Greek ideas, salvation by faith in a crucified Saviour was foolishness. The Cross was "to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness." And therefore St. Paul felt just as some Ordination candidate in a clever agnostic set at a University feels to-day when he comes forward to be ordained—his world is crucified to him, and he unto his world.

And so, again, St. Paul was crucified to what in another man would have been quite innocent—the world of domestic comfort and freedom. Like every man of strong affections, he must often have had a craving for home life; but who was to preach the Cross if he entered upon that? Who was to proclaim the Crucified in every market-place in Europe? He could not get that life without turning his back upon the Cross; and so he went to his life of persecution and cold and fasting and hunger, and he was misunderstood by his friends and hated by his enemies. He went back to that life which is depicted in the text, and so he could say, "That world is crucified unto me, and I unto that world."

## Crucifixion to the World

It is well worth while, especially at the beginning of Lent, to face this question, Crucifixion to the world-what does it mean? In one sense we cannot be crucified to the world. There are men who must take a prominent and leading part in the things of the world, and who would absolutely neglect their duty if they forsook the world; and, being in the world, they must in one sense love the world to do any good. They must close with the problems of the world and grapple with them. They must love human life; they must be men of broad sympathies, who can sympathise with every part of life and with all the people in the world; and yet-and what a paradox it seems at first! -at their Baptism and Confirmation they have renounced the world. "The whole world lieth in wickedness," says St. John; "he that loveth the world, the love of the FATHER is not in him."

How can we reconcile these two things? Let us for an answer look at St. Paul. Our first lesson from St. Paul would be that to be crucified to the world does not mean to be narrow, not even to set aside what some call worldly things, and say, "These are of the world," and to lay down their ideas as a necessary standard for others. Every man has his own world, and if there is one

163

### The Individual

use of Lent more obvious than another, it is that during Lent we must, one by one, kneel quietly in front of the Crucified, and find out what our world is to which we must be crucified. There it stands. It makes no difference what our circumstances are. There it stands before us all—the Cross of Jesus Christ, the great fact in the world's history, if what we believe is true—that the Son of God did actually come down and die on the Cross on this little planet; and it is in the presence of the Cross that we have to find out what is this world of our own, to which we must be crucified.

There are different worlds to different people. The clergyman's world is different from the world of the statesman. The world of the man is different from that of the woman. The boy's world at school is different from the world in which he will find himself when he becomes a man. And yet, while that fact makes it impossible to point out to each in detail in what sense he or she must be crucified to the world, there do seem three characteristics of our world to-day, in our own time, to which it is perfectly clear we must all be crucified.

And the first is a growing love of comfort, and a prevalent gospel of comfort. It pervades all

### Crucifixion to the World

classes. You can see it in one sense in the East End of London. You certainly can see it permeating the West End of London. There is a good side to it, no doubt. There is an increase in the standard of living among the working classes, and in their ideal of what a man's life ought to be. There is a good side to it, but, on the other hand, is it not true—I ask of you who are experienced in the things of the world—is it not true that a growing love of comfort and a prevalent gospel of comfort are sapping many of our ideals and lowering life for us, and that nothing is needed so much to-day as to get back to the simpler life of our forefathers?

There is a book which has had a great sale called "The Simple Life." It has a preface by the President of the United States. It has had a great sale in Europe, because it touches a need of the present day. Why should every young couple think that they must begin life at the very place where their fathers left off? This growing love of comfort is creeping over our lives and dragging us down from the ideal of the Cross. We must "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

And yet again, secondly, are we not in danger

in our generation, and especially in some parts of so-called society, of slackening the moral fibre and lowering the lofty ideal even of such a thing as marriage? Is not this true—that the home life of England, which has made the greatness of our country, is in danger in some quarters of being undermined, and that the splendid faithfulness of husband and wife, both in thought and in word, as well as in deed, is treated in some quarters as almost an old-fashioned joke? Marriage was ordained for the propagation of children to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the LORD. We hear it every time we go to a wedding. Is there not a danger of that being undermined, to the lasting harm of the Anglo-Saxon race? It is not only in the Potteries that young women are in danger from the society in which they live. We need to remember that we shall not be judged by the ideas of society, or by the opinion of our own set; but God will judge the world by the standard of "that Man whom He hath ordained," and who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." And as we move among the society to which we belong, that world and such ideas as these must be crucified unto us, and we unto the world.

Once again, and lastly, we must be crucified

### Crucifixion to the World

to the world which sets so little store to-day by religious ordinances. It surely is a fact which must make all of us think, that only eighteen per cent. of people in London go either to church or chapel. No doubt we shall find among our society and our set many who hold religious ordinances to-day very cheap indeed. And nothing is more discouraging to young people who may be spending Sunday at some country house than to find that no one in the house goes to church except themselves. And therefore, with that clear tendency before us, those who profess to believe in Christ must make up their minds whether they do believe in the Crucified or not; whether they do believe in and worship, as their forefathers worshipped, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Then, there must be some giving up of pleasure; there must be some giving up of leisure for worship; there must be some giving up of time to pray; some giving up of the company of friends to kneel in the presence of the best Friend of all at the Holy Communion. Men who believe in the Crucified as their Master must follow in the footsteps of the Crucified Master whom they profess to take as their example. The world must be crucified to them, and they to the world.

It is not an easier thing to be a Christian to-day than it was in the days of St. Paul. It is harder in some ways, because the line of division between the world and the Church is more blurred. But if we want to know how we are to be sure that this thing or that thing in the world is innocent to us, and can be used and enjoyed, an old allegory of our childhood may come back to us, and we older people may find it useful for our own teaching. In the King's garden the King's children were left to play, and fruits and flowers were all around them. But how were they to know which were the poison berries and which were the noxious weeds? Each had a little cross that he carried, and he held it up against the flowers or the fruits, and if the shadow of the cross fell on that fruit or flower he might take it; but if the cross left no mark the fruit or the flower was noxious and mischievous. We can hardly take an allegory that goes more straight home to the life of us all. There is nothing in the world that can hurt us if the shadow of the Cross falls upon that thing; there is nothing in the world that cannot stand that test but will tend to our lasting ruin.

#### XIII

#### THE TOUCH OF FAITH \*

"Somebody hath touched Me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me."—St. Luke viii, 46.

WE go through many stages, do we not, in our spiritual lives? There is first the happy, unconscious religion of childhood, and do let us make the religion of our children happy—

"Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God, who is their home."

Let us associate with their religion all that is bright and happy and beautiful. Then comes the semi-conscious religion of our Confirmation, when, for the first time, with mingled awe and delight, we feel ourselves in touch with a Divine Person. Then follows too often a great reaction:

<sup>\*</sup> Preached extempore in Sandringham Church, Sunday morning, November 24, 1901, and published in substance afterwards by command of the King.

the face of Jesus Christ, so clear at our Confirmation, fades away; religion becomes unreal; we begin to imagine that those high aspirations and clear visions of our Confirmation day were a delusion. Then in many lives there comes a great sorrow: the light of our eyes is taken from us by a stroke, or we are overwhelmed by a great perplexity; and it is then, in the darkness, that it often comes to pass that Christ's face becomes clear to us again; we see that He is to us our only hope and only strength. And in that faith we attempt and we achieve the touch of faith.

Now, it was just through these stages that this poor woman in the story had come. We can picture her as a bright Jewish girl, playing on the hills of Palestine in the sunshine, with all her life before her; then, after stages of which we know nothing, came this crushing sorrow. We who know the inside of cancer hospitals know something of what it must have been to have such an issue of blood twelve years. Very probably, as so often happens, her faith in God was lost as her faith in physician after physician proved useless. There seemed no help and no hope in heaven or in earth, and it was then in her worst darkness that she caught sight of the face of

## The Touch of Faith

Jesus Christ; she felt certain that He could help her, that in Him was her only hope, and with this certainty pulling her courage together, she achieved the touch of faith, and at the touch down through her torn frame shot again the tide of fresh life. At first she thought it possible to be a half-hearted disciple; but no! she must bear witness before the world, for the good of the world, and for the good of her own soul. "Somebody hath touched Me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me," He cried, and as she came forth with trembling awe, and acknowledged what had happened, she received an added blessing for her soul—"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

It becomes, then, a very solemn question on a quiet morning like this to ask ourselves, In what stage of the religious life are we in this church to-day? There are few children present, but some are, perhaps, preparing for their confirmation; others are almost certainly going through the stage of sorrow, and let those of us who are doing so remember the danger of sorrow—it may drive us from Christ instead of leading us to Him. When some young man dies in the prime of life it seems so useless that we are apt to lose our faith in God's Providence, and to talk of his "untimely"

death. But are we sure that we have any right to use that word "untimely" at all? It seemed untimely to those in Ladysmith when their chief cavalry leader was withdrawn; they could not see what those who controlled the whole campaign could see—that he was to be the brilliant reliever of Kimberley. God carries on His great campaign on such a vast scale, through realms of activities which we cannot see, that, when a young man is withdrawn from this world, it may only be for special service in another; he has been "promoted" to a post for which he was more needed than he was here.

If I may mention a personal incident, there knelt such a young man in front of me a few months ago. He had left his curacy in London because he felt called to preach to the heathen in Central Africa, and he came to receive my blessing before he went. As he rose from his knees, he said, "I think, Bishop, that if I die I can promise you to die at my post." It was only four months ago, but on Wednesday last a telegram came to say that he was dead; he had just reached his post, worked for three weeks, caught fever, and died. We must look upon him as still alive and still at work, but "promoted" to another field of service.

### The Touch of Faith

And when we turn to see what CHRIST has taught us about those who are gone from us; when we realise that we should never have felt certain that there was another world at all if He had not said, "In My FATHER's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you": that it is He who has revealed to us the sacredness of human ties by delivering the son He had raised from the dead to his mother, and so has made us feel now that those we shall see again will still be the same fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends that we knew and loved and lost, then we shall admit that sorrow and loss, instead of driving us from Christ, ought to lead us to Him: that the face of "Christus Consolator" ought to grow clearer in the darkness, and help us to attempt the touch of faith.

But what are we to say of those here this morning who are in full health and happiness, and yet find religion unreal, and Christ's face vague and far away to them?

Experience shows that this is due, as a rule, to one of three causes:

I. Life is so pleasant; they see so many pleasant people every day that Christ's face gets lost amongst the crowd; it is just one among

a thousand faces; He is crowded out of the life.

And, in order to get things into their right proportion again, we must picture ourselves, five minutes after death, in the possible stillness of the other world.

"How still it is!" cries the soul in the "Dream of Gerontius"—

"I hear no more the busy beat of time, No! nor my fluttering heart nor struggling breath, Nor does one moment differ from the next."

We have to ask ourselves, Would our guardian angel say of our souls, as the guardian angel says in the poem—

"The eager spirit hath darted from my grasp, And, with the intemperate energy of love, Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel"?

Would our souls fly to the dear feet of Emmanuel? Not if Christ's face was only one among a thousand faces. Only if we had learnt to make Christ our one hope, our one guide, our one inspiration here.

2. And so with the second thing which hides Christ's face—the indulgence in some sinful habit which we know to be inconsistent with following Christ, and which makes us, in the rough honesty

# The Touch of Faith

of Englishmen, refuse to profess a religion up to which we know that we do not attempt to live.

But five minutes after death we shall be bound to face facts, and what then shall we not be ready to give to have freed ourselves in life from that habit or that sin which we then shall see was hiding from us all our lives the face of Jesus Christ?

3. And the third great cause is procrastination—the inability to comprehend that in the last resort faith is an act of the will.

We are bound, many of us, to pass through a time of doubt. We are right to balance evidence on both sides, but the time comes at last when we must make up our minds. However long it may take to prepare a ship for her voyage, at last the time comes when she must weigh anchor; however long it may take to provision an army for a march, at last the order comes to march; and faith likewise in the last resort has to be an act of the will. "If any man wills to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

"What are you waiting for?" we must say sometimes to ourselves. "Are we waiting for another Incarnation, another Agony and Bloody Sweat, another Calvary?" We shall never have another;

all is done that can be done. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

"Commit yourselves, commit yourselves, commit yourselves!" cried a great mission preacher once, and sat down, and it was the most effective sermon that he ever preached.

So far, then, for the necessity of faith.

But now, lastly, what is meant by the touch of faith? And here we must remember to what we are committed as Church people. Everyone admits that prayer is one way of touching CHRIST.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour Spent in Thy presence can prevail to make, What heavy burdens from our bosom take, What parched grounds refresh us with a shower !"

Yes, if prayer is to us the real touching of a living person, then virtue comes out of Him to us in prayer.

So, again, to read about Christ in the Gospels day by day, a little at a time, if we believe that it is about Someone who is alive to-day as much as He was then—this, again, is to touch CHRIST.

To gather here in church round Him with living faith is to touch Him.

But, above and beyond all this, we Church

# The Touch of Faith

people are committed to the belief that there is such a thing as "the hem of His garment," and that through this special virtue flows-or, in other words, that by His own ordinance there are outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace.

We come to the Holy Communion because we believe that, in answer to the touch of faith, virtue flows into our souls.

I plead, then, with you this morning for a greater and more constant exercise of the "touch of faith." How strong we should be if we kept in living touch with JESUS CHRIST! What wisdom we should have if we, who have difficult problems in Church and State to solve, were in living touch with Him, of whom it is said in this morning's Gospel, "He Himself knew what He would do." What comfort we should have if we were in constant communion with "Christus Consolator"! What unselfishness if He were constantly pouring His own unselfish character into ours!

Again and again attempt and achieve that touch of faith, and again and again you shall hear the Voice reply:

"Son, daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." 177

N

#### XIV

#### A MOTHER'S REQUEST\*

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on the left, in Thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with !"—St. MATT. XX. 21, 22.

IT would be scarcely possible for the contrast between the expectations of and for youth and the stern realities of life to be more forcibly stated than in the gospel for St. James's Day. This mother of the two sons who had such high expectations for her boys was the type of many a mother before and since, and I cannot conceive for a moment that our LORD, who loved so deeply His own mother, and who honoured so much every true instinct of the human heart, meant by His answer to reproach

<sup>\*</sup> Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the eve of St. James's Day, 1904, and subsequently before the parents and boys in Berkhampstead School Chapel.

# A Mother's Request

at all that yearning love of any mother who longs for her boys to be at their best, and do their best, and love the highest when they see it; and certainly none of the thousands of mothers who at this season expect home from all the public schools the boys who are dearer to them than life itself need fear to pray to the same LORD to let them be as near Him as they can, and as high up in the kingdom of grace, and afterwards of glory, as it is possible for them to be. He gave the mothers' love, he hears the mothers' prayers, and knows that nine-tenths of the goodness among men in the world to-day is due to the prayers and influence of the mothers who have made them what they are.

But still, the contrast remains: the boy who starts so blithely with his face towards the morning you meet at mid-day drinking the cup; the fair face has lines on it now, and the mouth is set and firm; he starts in the early dawn, he girds himself and walks whither he would; but meet him in the evening, and another is girding him, and carrying him whither he would not; he was baptized as a child with water, he is being baptized with another baptism now, a baptism of fire.

179

N 2

And it is this contrast which makes men cynical about life; it is the theme of countless homilies on the vanity of human wishes. "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher-" all is vanity"; it is the never-ending problem discussed over and over again in the Book of Job; it is the standing difficulty, far greater than all merely intellectual difficulties put together which make men unbelievers to-day. We can understand the bad suffering, but why should the good suffer? "I tell you frankly, Bishop," said a poor mother to me once, "if my boy does die that death, I shall never believe in God again." And it is a problem it is impossible to ignore; but for one thing, there would, I think, be no answer to it. If it was really true, what apparently even the Jews largely thought true, that unbroken prosperity on earth was the sign of the favour of God, and what Job's friends certainly believed, that misfortunes betokened God's displeasure, then what we see on so large a scale in life would make, if not atheists, at least cynics of us all.

But the one thing which disproves the theory and saves our faith is the Central Figure of the Gospel story. There was no one who started so completely in favour with God and man as

## A Mother's Request

JESUS CHRIST; there was no one who drank so many bitter cups before he died; and yet there was no one over whose head the Divine verdict rang out so clearly: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

We are driven, then, to find some other explanation of the facts, which, while it modifies and transforms the hopes of youth, does not for a moment dim its promise. Not a mother here would place her son above Christ. What we call the boy's early promise can never be more than a promise to be as like Christ as possible; and she forgets that, if this is so, then "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord."

What, then, is the first truth which, coming from the study of Christ, alters the first and shallow philosophy of life? Surely this, that the purpose of life is not what the world calls happiness, but character. There is an old aphorism, "Heaven is character"; in other words, the purpose of life is not to say something, or even do something, but to be something. Heaven is the society of those who are of a certain character, and what that character must be nothing can alter. "With the clean thou

shalt be clean, and with the holy thou shalt be holy," is one of the laws which makes God God; it reigns on His throne; it is not so much an act of His will as an outcome of His nature; it is the atmosphere of His heaven. It would be far easier for the King to forbid prosecutions for crime, and then expect his empire to be moral, than for God to trifle with the laws of holiness, and then expect His kingdom to be holy.

It is only short-sighted thinkers who see no necessity for an atonement; the real miracle is not that an atonement was wanted, but that it was possible. If the law was broken, who could mend it? might well be asked; and yet if the law was not satisfied, and the standard of the kingdom not maintained, heaven would be no longer heaven. The real purpose, then, of the existence of the children of whom we were speaking is far higher than appears at first. To be successful barristers, brave soldiers, useful administrators, good men of business, is one thing; to be characters fitted to live for ever with God and the holy angels is not contradictory to the first, but is quite another. The training which fits for the one may only very partially fit for the

# A Mother's Request

other. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," and it is childish to judge the events of life by what we are for a few passing years, when the real question of vital importance is what we shall be, in the deathless years to come.

And when we have once grasped the first principle, it is not very difficult for us to grasp the second. Christ was the Pattern for all ages, of the training of a perfect Son for His deathless future. "He learned obedience," we are told, "by the things which He suffered"; "He was perfect through sufferings"; "For their sakes I sanctify Myself," He said Himself, "that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

And here is the second great truth of life: in not a single instance is a son to-day asked to drink any cup which the Perfect Son did not first drink Himself; He has been the firstborn among many brethren, but no brother has been able to point yet to his Elder Brother and say: "Here is something you have put to my lips you never tasted first." The old question has been asked again in every age, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism I am baptized with?"

For instance, are you asked to drink the cup of pain, or, worse still, is your boy? Has he some incurable complaint, or has he, like an officer in the South African War, given his eyes for his country? Then look at Calvary; is your son's pain worse than the pain of crucifixion? "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also" was said to the mother of the Lord; does a worse sword pierce through yours?

Or will some of them have to drink the cup of bitter shame and mortification? It may be brought on by sin, and in that sense only is it more bitter than Christ's, but, short of sin, could any shame be worse than being disowned by your own people, distrusted by your own family, betrayed by your own friends, and put to death, naked and forsaken, between two thieves?

Will some of the children be what are called disappointed men and women, who will be inclined, perhaps to eat out their hearts, because unrecognised and unknown, while others less able, less efficient, pass them by? It is inconceivable that, humanly speaking, there could be a greater disaster than the Cross: popularity gone, credit gone, hopes blasted, promises apparently falsified. Judge Jesus Christ by an earthly standard, and He was the greatest

## A Mother's Request

failure on the day He died that the world has ever seen.

And yet, and yet, when He had drunk the cups of pain, of shame, of disappointment, to the dregs, "perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after Him"; and "when He had by Himself purged our sins, He sat down on the right Hand of the Majesty on High." There must be some connection, then, between "drinking of cups" and "sitting on the right Hand of God," and good reason for thinking that the mother's prayer was not disregarded, but answered, as so often happens, in a different way.

And the connection is this: if heaven is formed of character, character is formed by discipline, and the drinking of the cups is the Heaven-sent discipline which perfects the character.

There is to be no lowering of ideas, then, no praying of lower prayers for ourselves or for those we love, but the ideas and the prayers must take a longer range.

Nowhere in modern literature is the ultimate object of life drawn out more clearly than in the poem on "Old Age" by Robert Browning, entitled "Rabbi Ben Ezra"; he begins boldly with the invitation:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid."

But then he faces the very problems we have been facing—the roughness of life, the inequalities of fortune, and bravely says:

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the

And then, grappling with the Scriptural metaphor of the potter's wheel, which has seemed so heartless to so many generations, he sees that the potter has some great purpose in his work; he begins with placing the "laughing loves" about the base of the cup which he is moulding; as he nears the rim, he fashions "skull things in order grim," but all the time his mind and plan of work are directed towards the use to which the cup shall at last be placed, to be grasped by the Master's hand and used as he wills.

## A Mother's Request

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

"Look not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpets peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!

Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel?"

It would be impossible to translate the message of St. James's Day into modern language which more entirely caught its spirit. O mother at thy prayers! O father whose heart is set upon the future of your boy! O master giving the best years of life for the boys! look not thou down, but up. What is your real prayer for your boy, or, at any rate, what ought it to be? That he may be of use in the Master's work; that he may be an instrument in His hand; that in the boy's life and work the Master may see something of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. In that true sense, pray the prayer that he may sit on His right hand or His left; but, if that be the prayer, then leave him in the LORD's hand to mould. He loves him even more than you; no

furnace shall be too hot for him, no trial too great: "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," He tempers the trial to the young soul, and be sure that the training he receives will lead to a deeper happiness than he can know without it, and to a life of usefulness which will be his crown for ever.

Both for ourselves, then, and those we love, we should look up to God on St. James's Day with the prayer of dedication with which the old Rabbi concludes his philosophy of life:

"So take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim—
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

#### - XV

#### THEN FACE TO FACE\*

"Now we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face."—I Cor. xiii. 12 (R.V.).

THERE is a story† that a great traveller once was speaking to his friends of all that he had seen during his experiences of life, and he finished his narration with these words: "But I expect to see something much more wonderful some day!" They looked at him with surprise. Was he going to travel further? Was he going to explore some part of the world he had not yet seen? "No," he said; he was too old for that. "I mean, five minutes after death I expect to see something much more wonderful than I have ever seen on earth."

Five minutes after death! It makes us think—we who live in a city where someone dies every

† This story is alluded to in one of Dr. Liddon's Advent

<sup>\*</sup> Preached at the re-opening of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, February 8, 1904.

eight minutes day and night; we who are watching a great war in which thousands are being killed; we who are present at the re-opening of a church which has stood for more than 800 years, where thousands have worshipped who now have passed into the other world. Five minutes after death! It makes us think. What shall we see? What shall we be doing? What shall we be feeling five minutes after death? And of no other single subject can it be more truly said that we know in part, we see darkly. But one thing it seems clearly revealed that we shall see at some time after death; and that one thing means everything to us: it is the Face of Jesus Christ. Every parable and every story in the New Testament which throws any light upon the other world seems to tell us that we shall be face to face some day with Jesus Christ Himself. The King comes to see His guests, and He sees the man that has not on a wedding garment. The Son of man sits in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, and all nations are gathered before Him, and they meet Him face to face. It is better to depart, says St. Paul, and be with CHRIST, which is far better. "His servants shall serve Him," says the writer of the Book of Revelation, "and they

#### Then Face to Face

shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." And you can scarcely find a single sentence which more clearly contrasts our state here with our state hereafter than these words of St. Paul: "Now we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face."

There is one moment which has to come in the life of every one of us, and that moment, in the most literal sense, is the crisis of our lives, for crisis means judgment. The crisis of our lives! Whether our lives are short or long, sad or merry, they lead up to one supreme moment, and that is when we turn the corner of death and come face to face with Jesus Christ Himself. Why do I say that that moment is the crisis or supreme moment? First of all, because we then shall come face to face with the Supreme Personality of the world. Some of you may remember how the poet Browning describes his feelings when he met a man who had seen the poet Shelley:

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!"

But even to speak of meeting the poet Shelley or any other great man on earth in the same breath as coming face to face with Jesus Christ is almost

blasphemy. There may be some who have difficulties about miracles. But the supreme miracle of the world no one can deny, and that is that One who was born of obscure parentage, among narrow, tribal views, should to-day be the supreme influence of Europe—ten thousand times, ten million times more powerful than all the statesmen and emperors and philosophers of Europe put together. That is the real miracle.

He not only satisfies the conscience of the world, but educates it while He satisfies it. And when, accepted as the ideal of the world, He makes His great claim, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father"; "I and My Father are One"; "Before Abraham was, I am"; and asks the supreme question, "What think ye of Christ? whose son is He?" We answer back in the words we shall say presently as we sing the Te Deum: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father."

Therefore, the first reason why that moment is going to be for you, my brother, and for you, my sister, the crisis of your life is because you are going to look for the first time into the face of the Saviour and the Redeemer of mankind.

#### Then Face to Face

Then, again, that Face is the most hated and the most loved face in the world—yes, make no mistake about it, the most hated! One can make no greater mistake than to imagine that Jesus CHRIST is not hated to-day. Whether you are defying, as you fight for CHRIST, the drunken bully in the slums, or whether you are defying the equally cruel cynicism and selfishness of the man of the world, they both hate you; and the awful thing is this, there is in the breast of every one of us something which would make us hate Jesus CHRIST if we let it grow and get strong within us: it is what Plato called the beast that is combined with the god and lion in every man; what St. John calls the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. It is in all of us; and if we let that thing live and grow, and get power over us, we too shall hate Jesus Christ; we shall hate that ideal of self-control, of purity and unselfishness, which puts that part of us to shame.

And yet, thank God, it is the best-loved Face in the world. This is the face that looks down upon the lonely missionaries as they work by themselves, and cheers them in their solitude. This is the face that enables a man to live and work in the slums of our great city twenty, thirty, and

193

forty years unnoticed and unknown; remember Matthew Arnold's words:

"I met a preacher there I knew, and said,

'Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?'

'Bravely,' said he, 'for I of late have been

Much cheered with thoughts of CHRIST, the living bread."

This is the face that looks down upon those who die in this city every eight minutes, day and night, and cheers them as they die. This is the face that peers into the desolate homes where the husband or wife or child is taken, and redeems them from despair. This is the face that has won the children of the world, and wins them to-day, and which enables us Christians to prevail in spite of all the scoffs and all the opposition that is brought against us. Therefore, when you meet Jesus Christ face to face, you look into the best-loved as well as the best-hated face in the world.

But more than that: you look into the face that reads you through and through. How difficult it is to get away from the estimate of our friends, or the flattering estimate, perhaps, which we have about ourselves! How difficult it is to see ourselves exactly as we are in the clear light of God! but we shall so see ourselves then.

#### Then Face to Face

Not long ago a young man came to me who at last had seen himself as he was. I had tried three years before to save him from a deadly sin, but failed. He did not see the sin as sin. But a few weeks ago he had seen himself as he was, and why? Because he had looked at last into the eyes of a woman whom he loved for the first time with a pure and true love, and in her eyes he saw himself as he was. So shall we see ourselves as we are as we look into the eyes of JESUS CHRIST. And yet, Judge though He is bound to be, we look at that moment into the eyes of our best Friend-ay, our best Friend even then; some One who cares for us more than that husband or wife or brother or friend sitting by our side.

What, then—that comes to be the question—can we do on earth to prepare ourselves for this supreme moment when it arrives? Can we see His face now, while we are on earth, before we turn the corner of death and see Him face to face? And St. Paul answers in the text, "You can see Christ now as in a mirror": "Now we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face."

What does St. Paul mean by the mirror? He was thinking, of course, of the Roman mirror,

95 0 2

which was the mirror of his day, the burnished metal mirror which reflected darkly, but still reflected the face of anyone who was standing behind a man's shoulder. If you could not turn round to see that face, you could see it reflected in the burnished metal mirror in front of you.

What is the mirror which we have here in London, in which we can see the face of Jesus Christ, and prepare ourselves to meet Him face to face? First of all, there are those four wonderful photographs preserved in the New Testament which we call the Gospels, and that fifth photograph in the Epistles of St. Paul, which form a fifth Gospel. Any who have really tried, any who have been down on their knees with their New Testament, and prayed to the Holy Spirit to show Him to them, will know that as they do it, and do it daily, the face of Jesus Christ lives and moves and breathes before them as they see it in the mirror.

There is no good in my being here to-night if I do not ask you some home questions. What are you doing about your Bibles in your homes and in your church? Are you studying that face in the mirror? Or have you not opened your Bible for months, perhaps for years? You will

#### Then Face to Face

never see that face plainly so as to copy it, imitate it, and make it the supreme reality of your life, unless you go down on your knees in a prayerful spirit with the New Testament, watching and studying the face of Jesus Christ in the mirror of the Gospel.

Secondly, there is a mirror which every man has within him and every woman has within her, in their conscience. Why was that thing put within us which knows the difference between right and wrong, unless to be a witness to the righteousness of the God who made us? for if not righteous He would never have put "a reclaiming witness" against Himself, as Dr. Chalmers used to say. But that conscience is like a metal mirror-you can let it rust and become dull, or you can keep it burnished and bright so that you can see your Saviour's face in it. What would Jesus do? is the only question any Christian has a right to ask in business, in work-in municipal work as well as Church work. And, therefore, the second question which each one should ask himself is this: Is there anything which I am doing to-day which is against my conscience? Am I keeping that conscience burnished and bright, so that I

can see my Saviour's face in it? It is impossible but that the Saviour's face will fade away from us unless we keep our conscience clean and bright.

Thirdly, we see the face of JESUS CHRIST reflected in a mirror in every good man and woman that we know. We are meant to be helps to one another, not hindrances. A church is meant to be a congregation of Christlike people, who are showing one another every day what CHRIST is like, this one reflecting His courage, this one His self-sacrifice, this one His generosity-all some of the lineaments of His character, so that as we look at one another we look at Jesus Christ. Can you imagine a more awful condemnation than for someone to say, "It was you who made me give up my religion"? Or a more priceless reward than some souls coming to you in another world, and saying, "I believe in JESUS CHRIST because of you"? I wish to have, I hope to have, in London such a Christian people as may every day be reflecting more and more, as in a mirror, the face of Jesus Christ.

Fourthly, we see it as we work among the poor. Why did Jesus Christ live among the poor when He came from Heaven? There must have been a special reason for it; and

#### Then Face to Face

He tells us the close connection between Himself and the poor when He says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And you from the richer districts, you must remember that the Church carries on its work with the utmost difficulty amongst the very poor of London; and you must account it a privilege to uphold the hands of those who work amid such difficulties by helping, through them, the poor whom Christ loves, for inasmuch as ye do it to them, ye do it to Him.

And then, again, we see the face of Jesus Christ as in a mirror in the Holy Communion. We come into His Presence, and He says: "Take eat, this is My Body." "Drink ye all of it; for this is My Blood." These sacred elements of the Sacrament half reveal and half conceal the face of Jesus Christ. We see His face, but we see it in a mirror darkly; not yet face to face.

Are you all confirmed? Are you all, if confirmed, devout and regular communicants? If not, make the re-opening of your church a new start in your spiritual life to-day, for the experience of those who have been for years devout and regular communicants will tell you

this: they have seen Christ's face more plainly as a guide to their daily path, to say nothing of the Divine strength they have also received, since they have been communicants.

And then lastly, my friends, you yourselves are in a true sense the mirror. You must reflect steadily to the district the Face of Jesus Christ. You have rightly adorned and beautified to-day the mirror's rim, as it were, that holds up the mirror to the district. This beautified church ought to be an example to you of what the Church life ought to be. Let there be a renovation of your Church life even as we have thanked God for the renovation of St. Giles's Church. And may the mirror in this district be so bright, and the image of Jesus Christ reflected so plainly in it, that thousands may be drawn by its attractive power to love their Saviour. And when you leave this place, and pass, as so many daily pass, from this world to another, may you pass with no fear of death

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

#### XVI

#### THE VALUE OF A MAN\*

"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. xxxii. 2.

IT is very remarkable, is it not, as we read the Holy Scriptures, to notice the amount of power and authority and responsibility which they lay upon a man? Of course, man is kept in his proper place in the Bible. Over and over again he is reminded that he is a creature. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" "The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more." And yet, while we have those sayings,

<sup>\*</sup> Preached at St. James's, Moore Park, Fulham, on Sunday, October 2, 1904, on the occasion of the institution and induction of the Rev. Launcelot Jefferson Percival, M.A.

those deep sayings, which remind man how short his life is, and how nothing, merely nothing, he is in himself, yet we have, on the other hand, great responsibility put upon man. When all was going to the bad in Israel, when the days were dark, what was God's remedy? A man. raise Me up a faithful priest," God said, and Samuel appeared. When the Incarnate Son of God was on earth, and set Himself to convert the world, whom did He send forth to convert the world? Not angels; He sent men. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was man to whom He trusted, and man He sent forth. Why have we sent forth forty-eight young men in St. Paul's Cathedral this morning? Because Christ uses the same method now. We carry out His own principle. A pleading ministry, man to convert men-that is His rule, that is His will; and when we look for some complete definition, as it were, of what man is to be to the world, I do not think I can find a more beautiful description than this which I have taken as our text: "A man shall be as an hidingplace from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Notice all these four things:

"An hiding-place from the wind." As I look round London to-day, and think of the wind, the rough wind of temptation, which blows down on the boys and girls of London, and which is blowing down day by day on the boys and girls and young people in such a large parish as this, I crave for them a hiding-place from the wind. We want it as much as ever, some place they can creep under, as it were, as the awful force of temptation comes upon them.

But not only a hiding-place from the wind, "a covert from the tempest." What sorrow we have, what tempests of sorrow, in this huge city, where someone dies every eight minutes, day and night! Does not that sorrow of a great city go to our heart? Even to-day, of the clergy, with whose joys and sorrows I naturally sympathise in a special way, there are at least three going through much trouble, one with his wife dead, two others with their wives hanging between life and death. And if that is so in the little circle which comes before the eye of any one individual, just think what it is in the whole of London to measure the tempests of sorrow that are testing hundreds of thousands of souls. We

want, undoubtedly, a covert from the tempest to-day.

So also, surely, we need "rivers of water in a dry place." I suppose it is only those who travel in the East, as I have not done, who thoroughly understand the metaphor which the prophet uses, who know what it is after a long, dry journey through miles and miles of sand to come across a green oasis and a springing well in the green-"rivers of water in a dry place." But we need not go to the East to know what the monotony of life is to many, how one day follows upon another of never-ceasing work, how dry many lives aredry of enjoyment, dry of charm. Out of three and a half millions in this great diocese there are many who are treading, week in, week out, along very dry places. And not only is there the dry monotony of the daily life, but how dry our spiritual lives often are! Is there anything more depressing than feeling that GoD is far away? Then we should know what the promise is of "rivers of water in a dry place."

And then, fourthly, and in some ways most pathetic of all, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." You see in some pictures of the East a deep, almost black, shadow cast by the

burning sunshine, and you see someone hidden in the cool of the shadow. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." We must have it in the weariness of a great city like this.

Now, the point is that a man is to be all this, and of course I must say at once that there never was but one Man who perfectly fulfilled this ideal. We have been asked in the newspapers the question, "Do we believe?" I suppose there never was, or seldom was, a day when the faith of our people was more tried, more attacked, than to-day. In answer to the question, "Do we believe?" I answer back for you, and for millions of others, We do believe. We do believe that there was a Man—ay, there is a Man—who was perfectly, and is to-day, and always will be, a complete hidingplace from the wind, "a covert from the tempest, rivers of water in a dry place, a shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And we say this, after wellnigh two thousand years, with even more confidence than it was said of old, because we have the history of two thousand years to show what He has been to this weary, dry, and tempted world of ours. I ask you Christian people to-day-and those orthodox Nonconformists who may be present here will so far make the same answer with us Church

people—that there is no other name that can be found, or has been found, perfectly to answer to this ideal except the Name of Jesus Christ our LORD. I ask you, whose faith may be tried by sceptical articles in magazines, or the sneers in workshop or office, Is there any other hidingplace in the fierce temptation? We know what happened to tempted youth before the era of JESUS CHRIST dawned upon the world; we who had to read Roman history know only too well what happened: the tempest cut them down. The temptation of the world was too strong for the youth of the world, and it is merely a matter of history that it was the power of Jesus Christ, and of JESUS CHRIST alone, which was found strong enough to roll back the tide of human passion, and gave a help to the tempted boy and tempted girl which nothing else ever gave before.

Or, again, what about the "covert from the tempest"? I would ask any of you who may be inclined to sceptical views in this church this afternoon, what would you have done if you had been, as I was one Sunday morning, with three dead children in the room, who had all died in half an hour? Would you have been able to provide a covert from the tempest to those

grief-stricken parents? In such awful sorrow no other comfort could be found except the belief that One who conquered death had picked up those children one after another, even the Good Shepherd of the sheep, and taken them in His arms to Paradise.

And so it is with "rivers of water in a dry place." We point to Europe with all its faults and all its shortcomings, we point to a Christian Europe, as a sign of the reality of the grace of God. If there was a dry desert in the world two thousand years ago, it was that area of the world we call Europe to-day, and for our proof of the reality of these rivers of water in a dry place we point to what the grace of God, revealed and brought to us through Jesus Christ, has already done to Europe. And what it has done for Europe it is doing to-day in the mission-field, for the heathen world. There is a certain affectation in exaggerating the scepticism of the world, and underrating the progress of foreign missions. In every year that dawns thousands more believe in Jesus Christ, and the dry heathen places blossom like a rose under the influence of the grace that Jesus Christ has brought. We need not be afraid or ashamed of our faith. We have an unanswerable argument:

"rivers of water" do to day as much as they ever did make the wilderness blossom like a rose.

And so with the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." How many thousands throughout the world sing to-day that old mission hymn—

"Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land."

And when you see with your own eyes, in a place like East London, hundreds who, weary, with no hope in the world, lying on sick-beds or battling out their difficult life, look up with quiet contentment and calm courage, because beneath the Cross of Jesus they take their stand, you know that there is a mighty rock in a weary land, and you know that our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.

And yet, of course, we should be living in a fools' paradise if we did not acknowledge that there are thousands, even in London, who do not believe, who are not converted, who still go on under the force of the wind, with no hiding-place in their sorrow, who are living dry lives, unwatered by the grace of God, and who have not found yet the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And

therefore it is that into every parish, in addition to those God-fearing people of the laity who live there, in addition to the ministers of other denominations who hold the faith. CHRIST sends one definite man. a man of God, who is sent there to represent Him among all those thousands, and to bring those thousands, who do not believe, under the shadow of the great rock. This has gone on in England for many hundreds of years. Since about the eighth or ninth century—about the time, or shortly after the time, when the first Bishop of London went to live in Fulham, some thirteen hundred years ago-all England was divided shortly afterwards into parishes, and into every parish there has always been sent, with all the solemnity of which the Church is capable, a man to represent the Man Jesus Christ. You have had an old friend working among you for many years, who has seen all this parish and the Church grow up, that I know how you are following him, and I ask you to follow him, into his retirement with your prayers. But you have a man sent to you to-day in the providence of God, another man, to take his place, and perhaps the reason I was attracted to this particular text is because, whenever we who have known him for so

200

long think of Launcelot Jefferson Percival, the first words which naturally spring to our lips are, "What a man he is! He is a thorough man!" And when we ask ourselves what we mean by that, what is our idea of a man, I think that I should answer, Four things. A man, to be a true man, must have strength, he must have sympathy, he must have faith, and he must have courage. Now, it is not in his presence for me to speak in detail of all these things in our friend, but, from the point of view of strength, it is not amiss to notice, for the sake especially of the young men here, that your new Vicar is one of the best athletes in England, and is a standing witness to the young men of a place like this that to believe in Christ is not an unmanly thing. But he has more than great physical strength of body, he has great strength of character, and therefore fulfils our first condition in being strong. But a morally strong man is not a complete man; he must have tenderness and sympathy as well. And it so happens that to my knowledge two homes full of anxiety and sorrow, besides many other humbler homes - of which I cannot speak now more particularly both found in this same man a friend whom they trusted in their hours of sorrow. He has

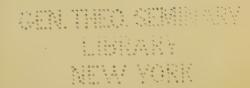
faith, and a very simple faith, in Jesus Christ. He knows perfectly well that he can do nothing by himself in this great parish, but he throws himself on Gop, because he believes that He has called him and believes that He will work through him; that the Lord will confirm the word, with signs following. He has faith, and he has also-and he will want it-courage. It wants courage to take on a great parish like this; it wants courage to persevere. The little income attached to the parish will be swallowed up at once in the needs of the work, but he comes to work as a labour of love, and to spend and be spent for you all. And therefore I would be peak for him first of all a loving Fulham welcome. More than three years ago you gave me, when I came among you, a Fulham welcome. I ask that for your new Vicar to-day, and all the more because he is already an old friend to many of you. I ask next for him, not only a hearty welcome, but, what is worth so much to a pastor, a spiritual response. What will cheer him as he works on here, I know, is to see more people at church Sunday after Sunday, more people coming out to Confirmation, more people coming to Communion, and to feel that his efforts are not in vain. That is what cheers the pastor's

211

soul. He does not want personal gratitude, but he does ask for that; he does not want praise, but he does ask for a spiritual response, that he may feel that more and more are coming year after year through his ministration to believe in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

And lastly I ask you to work with him. He cannot do all the work by himself. This enormous parish cannot be worked by one man, however earnest he is, and however good a wife he may have. He wants to have others coming out more and more to be teachers in the Sunday-school, visitors in the district; and you who come from a distance to join your prayers with us to-day must see whether from those richer districts you cannot send down, or bring yourselves, some personal service, and so stand by your friend. I have no doubt that you will set about restoring or cleaning this church in which you worship, and also build up the spiritual fabric of the parish. And therefore do let me feel sure that he has received this afternoon, not only a hearty welcome, not only a spiritual response, but loyal fellow-workers in the most glorious cause of God. Go forth, then, dear brother, go forth to your work, borne up with the

love and prayers of so many, and may you be in this parish a true representative of Him who is to-day the only hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.



#### BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE AFTERGLOW OF A GREAT REIGN. Four Addresses delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral. By the Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, D.D., Bishop of London. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo., cloth boards	,~		
"One of the best and truest of the many appreciations of the late Queen's character."—Times. "They are sensible and practical."—Examiner.			
BANNERS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. Second Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth boards	0	3	6
FRIENDS OF THE MASTER. A Sequel to "The Men who Crucify Christ." Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo., art linen boards	0	I	6
GOOD SHEPHERDS. Being Addresses, delivered to those preparing for Holy Orders, at the Clergy School, Leeds. 18mo., art linen boards	0	ı	6
THE MEN WHO CRUCIFY CHRIST, A Course of Lent Lectures. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth boards	O,	I	6
MESSENGERS, WATCHMEN, AND STEWARDS, Being Three Addresses delivered to Clergy at Loughton. Second Edition, 18mo., cloth boards	0	I	6
WORK IN GREAT CITIES. Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology, delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth boards	0	3	6
"We unhesitatingly tell all young workers, lay and clerical, that whether their work lies in poor districts or 'well-to-do,' amongst men or lads, be it social or didactic, they are doing themselves and the work great injustice so long as they remain unacquainted with Mr. Ingram's epigrammatic, sensible, experienced talk."—Church Times.			
UNDER THE DOME. A volume of Selected Sermons on Special Occasions. Third Edition. Cr. 8vo., cloth boards	0	3	6
THE TOUCH OF FAITH. A Sermon preached before their Majesties the King and Queen at Sandringham. THE BLESSING OF PEACE. mon preached before their Ma	jestie	:S	

London: WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.,

3, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

giving Service for Peace. 6d. net.

"TWICE SAVED." A Sermon
preached before their Majesties the
King and Queen at the Thanksgiving
Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sun-

day Morning, Oct. 26, 1902. 6d. net.

Second Edition. 6d. net.

andra, 6d. net.

JOY AFTER HEAVINESS. A Sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Day after the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alex-







2520 W731f

Winnington-Ingram, A.F., bp.

The faith of church and

2529 W731f

